THE

EVANGEL OF SONG

BY

J. H. HATHAWAY

TORONTO,
WESLEY BUILDINGS:
WILLIAM BRIGGS
MONTREAL: C. W. COATES. HALIFAX: S. F. HUESTIS.
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BV460
H36

2098

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PREFACE.

WHAT! another collection of Sacred Songs? Yes; and why not? The world moves, and we must move with it. New inspirations come to new hearts, and they deserve a record. So we offer no apology for our new book.

The compiler has gone with care, and he hopes, too, with some measure of taste, through the Evangelistic Song Literature of the present and former days to make his selections for this book. His object has been not so much bulk as *quality*. As the result, the cream of our current Revival Music is here offered to the public. New and original numbers are also introduced.

The "EVANGEL OF SONG" is sent forth with earnest prayer that God's blessing may accompany its use in the home, in the ordinary social services of the churches, or in special revival work.

J. H. HATHAWAY.

NOTE.

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THE EVANGEL OF SONG.

1 The Stranger at the Door.

With feeling. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Be - hold a stranger at the door; He gently knocks—has knock'd before;
2. Oh, love - ly at - ti-tude—he stands With melting heart and loaded hands;
3. But will he prove a friend indeed? He will—the ver - y friend you need:
4. Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine; Turn out his en - e - my and thine:
5. Ad - mit him, ere his an - ger burn—His feet, de-part - ed, ne'er return;

Has wait - ed long, is wait - ing still: You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
Oh, matchless kindness—and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes.
The friend of sinners? Yes, 'tis he, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.
That soul - de - stroy-ing monster—sin, And let the Heav'nly Stranger in.
Ad - mit him, or the hour's at hand, You'll at *his* door re-ject - ed stand.

REFRAIN.

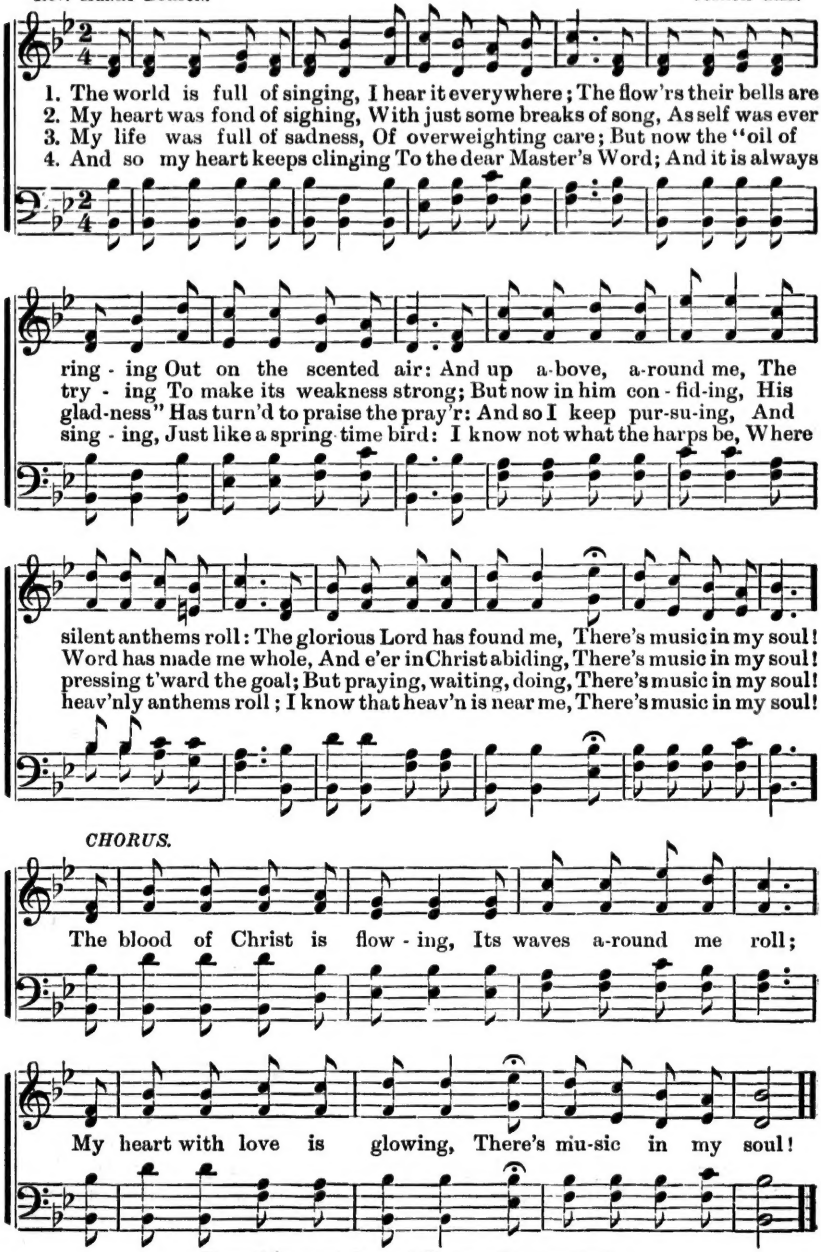
Oh, let the dear Saviour come in, He'll cleanse the heart from sin;
come in, from sin;

Oh, keep him no more out at the door, But let the dear Saviour come in.
come in.

By permission.

There's Music in my Soul!

Rev. Henry Burton. Joshua Gill.



From "*Songs of Joy and Gladness*," by permission.

The Sheltering Rock.

EDWARD HUSBAND. Changed by J.H.H. J. H. HATHAWAY.

1. A great Rock stands in a wea - ry land, And its shadows fall on the
2. A great Well lies in a wea - ry land, And its waters call o - ver
3. A wide Fold stands in a wea - ry land, And the sheep are call - ed on
4. A rude Cross stands near a ci - ty wall, Where the Saviour dies out of

parched sand; And it calls to the traveller pass - ing by: I will
life's rough strand: That great well is full, with its wa - ters rife, Springing
ev - 'ry hand; And the Shepherd no wand'rer turns a - way, But he
love for all; Where the an - gels tell out the mes-sage blest, That the

shelter thee here from the burning sky. Then why will ye die? Oh!
up in - to ev - er - lasting life. Then why will ye die? Oh!
bids him to en - ter, rest and stay, Then why will ye die? Oh!
way is now plain to end-less rest! Then why will ye die? Oh!

why will ye die? When the Shelt'ring Rock is stand - ing by? Oh!
why will ye die? When the great deep Well is stand - ing by? Oh!
why will ye die? When the great wide Fold is stand - ing by? Oh!
why will ye die? When the blood-stain'd Cross is stand - ing by? Oh!

why will ye die? Oh! why will ye die? When the Shelt'ring Rock is standing by?
why will ye die? Oh! why will ye die? When the great deep Well is standing by?
why will ye die? Oh! why will ye die? When the great wide Fold is standing by?
why will ye die? Oh! why will ye die? When the blood-stain'd Cross is standing by?

Happy Tidings.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JOHN R. SWENEY.

1. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! the sound! Hear the joyful ech-o
2. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! they say, Do not slight the warning
3. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! again! Rushing o'er the mountain,

'Thro' the world resound; Christ the Lord proclaims them, Hear and heed the call:
Come, oh, come to-day; Christ, our lov-ing Saviour, Still repeats the call—
Sweep-ing o'er the plain; Onward goes the message, 'Tis the Saviour's call:

REFRAIN.

Come, ye starving ones, that perish, Room, room for all.
Come, ye wea-ry, hea-vy laden, Room, room for all. Who-so-ev-er asketh,
Come, for ev'-ry-thing is ready, Room, room for all.

Jesus will receive; Whosoever thirsteth, Jesus will relieve. See the living

waters, Flowing full and free; Oh, the blessed who-so-ev-er, That means me.

By permission.

Going Home By-and-By.

F. A. B. F. A. Blackmer.

1. Christian, are you grow - ing wea - ry? We are all go - ing home by and by;
2. Do the woes of life op - press thee? We are all go - ing home by and by;
3. Journey on a lit - tle long - er, We are all go - ing home by and by;
4. See! the light is grow - ing clear - er! We are all go - ing home by and by;
5. Soon we'll rest with Christ for - ev - er; We are all go - ing home by and by;

Does the way seem dark and drear - y? We are all going home by and by.
And its tri - als sore dis - tress thee? We are all going home by and by.
With a faith a lit - tle strong - er, We are all going home by and by.
And the heav'nly port is near - er; We are all going home by and by.
In a land where sin comes nev - er; We are all going home by and by.

CHORUS.

Go - ing home by and by, We are all go - ing home by and by, Going home by and by, Go - ing home by and by; Go - ing home by and by, We are all going home by and by. by and by,

By permission.

There's a Blessing for Me.

H. E. McAIR. J. H. HATHAWAY.

1. There is perfect cleansing in the precious blood That flows for all so
2. I am sav'd each moment thro' the cleansing blood That now, by faith, I
3. Oh, the blood, that keeps me from the pow'r of sin, My constant theme shall
4. There is life e - ter - nal in the precious blood That still is flowing

free, There is full sal - va-tion in its crimson flood; There's a
see; I am sweet-ly resting at the cross I love; There's a
be; I have laid my burden at the Saviour's feet; There's a
free, And my soul shall glo - ry in the Saviour's cross; There's a

CHORUS.

bless-ing from the Lord for me. There's a blessing for me, There's a

bless-ing for me, There's a blessing from the Lord for me: There is

full salvation in the crimson flood; There's a blessing from the Lord for me.

Fix your Eyes upon Jesus.

"Look unto me and be ye saved."—*Isa.* 45: 22.

W. W. D. JAS. MCGRANAHAN.

1. Would you lose your load of sin? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
2. Would you calmly walk the wave? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
3. Would you have your cares grow light? Fix your eyes upon Je - sus;
4. Griev - ing, would you comfort know? Fix your eyes upon Je - sus;
5. Would you strength in weakness have? Fix your eyes upon Je - sus;

Would you know God's peace within? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus·
Would you know his pow'r to save? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
Would you songs have in the night? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
Hum - ble be when blessings flow? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
See a light beyond the grave? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;

CHORUS.

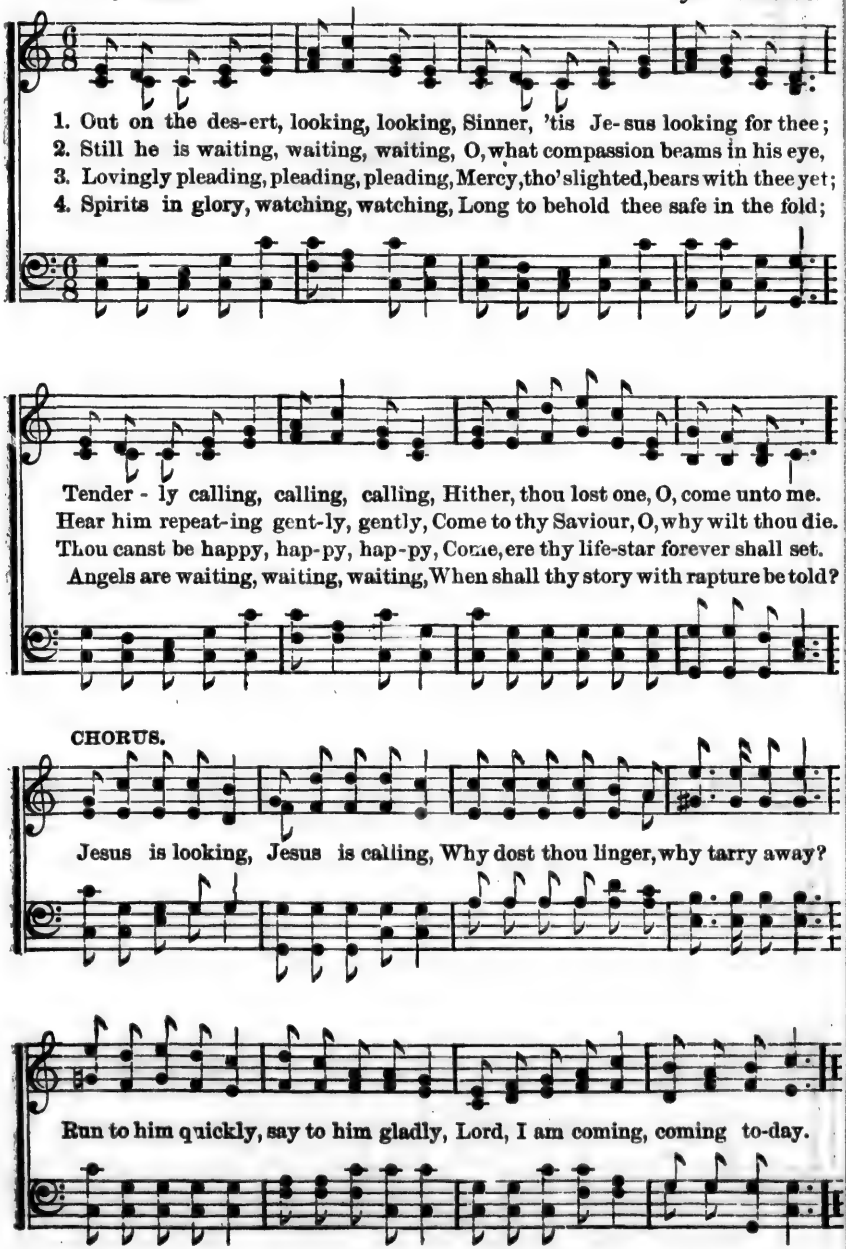
Je - sus who on the cross did die, Jesus who *lives* and *reigns* on high,

He a - lone can jus - ti - fy; Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus.

By permission.

Coming To-Day.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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Full Salvation.

LOUISE M. ROUSE. MISS DORA BOOLE.

1. Pre-cious Saviour, thou hast sav'd me; Thine and only thine I am;
2. Long my yearning heart was try-ing To en-joy this per - fect rest;
3. Trusting, trusting ev - 'ry moment; Feeling now the blood ap-plied;
4. Con - se - cra-ted to thy ser-vice, I will live and die to thee:
5. Yes, I will stand up for Je - sus; He has sweetly sav'd my soul,
6. Glo - ry to the blood that bought me, Glory to its cleansing pow'r!

Oh! the cleansing blood has reach'd me, Glory, glo-ry to the Lamb!
But I gave all try-ing o - ver: Simply trusting, I was blest.
Ly - ing at the cleansing fountain; Dwelling in my Saviour's side.
I will wit-ness to thy glo - ry Of sal - va - tion full and free.
Cleans'd me from in-bred cor-rup-tion, Sanc-ti - fied, and made me whole.
Glo - ry to the blood that keeps me! Glo-ry, glo-ry, ev - er - more!

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Je - sus saves me, Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!

Oh! the cleansing blood has reach'd me, Glo-ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!

Redeemed.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Redeem'd, how I love to proclaim it, Redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Redeem'd, and so happy in Je- sus, No language my rapture can tell;
3. I think of my blessed Redeem-er, I think of him all the day long;
4. I know I shall see in his beau-ty, The King in whose law I de - light;
5. I know there's a crown that is waiting In yonder bright mansion for me;

Redeem'd thro' his infinite mer-cy, His child and forev-er I am.
I know that the light of his presence With me doth continually dwell.
I sing, for I cannot be si - lent, His love is the theme of my song.
Wh^ loving-ly guardeth my footsteps, And giveth me songs in the night.
Ai . soon with the spirits made perfect, At home with the Lord I shall be.

REFRAIN.

Re-deem'd, Re-deem'd, Re-deem'd by the blood of the Lamb;
Redeem'd, Redeem'd,

Re - deem'd, Re-deem'd, His child and for - ev - er I am.
Redeem'd, Redeem'

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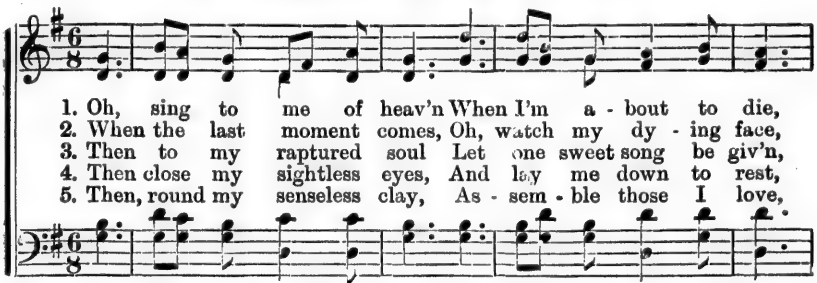
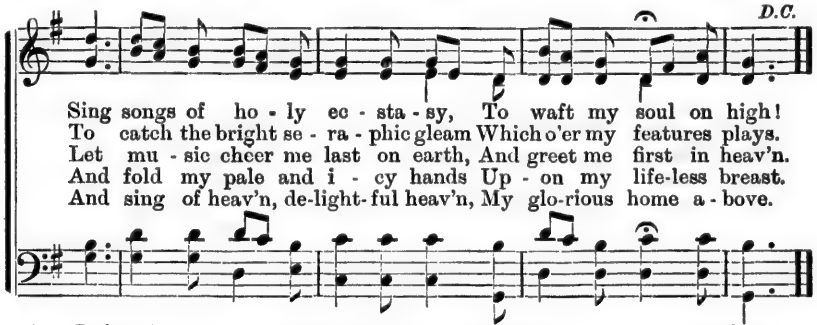
11 Oh, Sing to Me of Heaven.



1. Oh, sing to me of heav'n When I'm a - bout to die,
2. When the last moment comes, Oh, watch my dy - ing face,
3. Then to my raptured soul Let one sweet song be giv'n,
4. Then close my sightless eyes, And lay me down to rest,
5. Then, round my senseless clay, As - sem - ble those I love,

CHO.—There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there,



Sing songs of ho - ly ec - sta - sy, To waft my soul on high!
To catch the bright se - ra - phic gleam Which o'er my features plays.
Let mu - sic cheer me last on earth, And greet me first in heav'n.
And fold my pale and i - cy hands Up - on my life-less breast.
And sing of heav'n, de-light-ful heav'n, My glo-rious home a - bove.

In heav'n a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.

12 I'M GLAD SALVATION'S FREE.

1 When shall thy love constrain,
And force me to thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?

CHORUS.

||: I'm glad salvation's free, :||
Salvation's free for you and me,
I'm glad salvation's free.

2 Ah! what avails my strife,
My wandering to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life:
Ah! whither should I go?

3 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

4 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more;
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.

13 I LOVE TO THINK OF HEAVEN.

1 I love to think of heaven,
Where white-robed angels are,
Where many a friend is gathered safe,
From fear, and toil, and care.

CHORUS.

||: There'll be no parting there, :||
In heaven above where all is love,
There'll be no parting there.

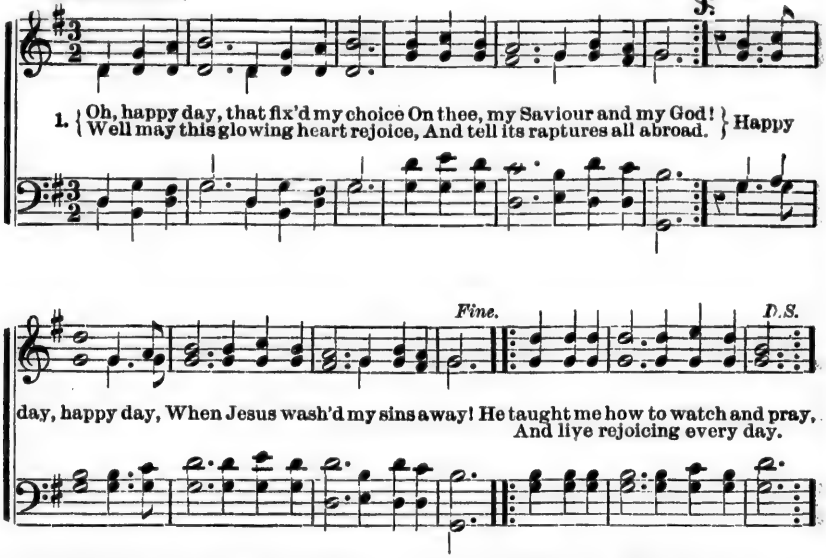
2 I love to think of heaven,
Where my Redeemer reigns,
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise
In endless, joyous strains.

3 I love to think of heaven,
The saints' eternal home,
Where palms, and robes, and crowns
ne'er fade,
And all our joys are one.

4 I love to think of heaven,
The greetings there we'll meet,
The harps—the songs forever ours—
The walks—the golden streets.

14 Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. ENGLISH MELODY.



2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

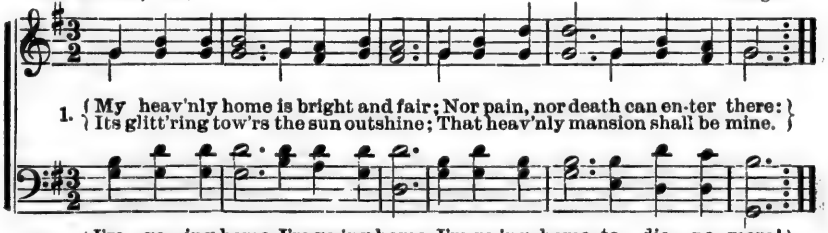
3 'Tis done! the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
With him, of ev'ry good possessed.

5 High Heaven that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

15 I'm Going Home to Die No More.

WM. HUNTER, D.D. Arranged.



2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky:
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam
Although like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

I Want to Be a Worker.

I. B. "The laborers are few."—*Matt.* 9: 37. I. BALTZELL.

1. I want to be a worker for the Lord, I want to love and trust his ho - ly word; I want to sing and pray, and be bus - y ev - 'ry day In the vineyard of the Lord.
2. I want to be a worker ev - 'ry day, I want to lead the err - ing in the way That leads to heav'n a - bove, where all is peace and love, In the kingdom of the Lord.
3. I want to be a worker strong and brave, I want to trust in Jesus' pow'r to save; All who will tru - ly come, shall find a happy home In the kingdom of the Lord.
4. I want to be a worker; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and err - ing to thy word That points to joys on high, where pleasures never die, In the kingdom of the Lord.

CHORUS.

I will work, I will pray, In the vine - yard, in the vine - yard of the Lord, (of the Lord;) I will work, I will pray, I will la - bor ev - 'ry day In the vineyard of the Lord.

I will work and pray, I will work and pray,

By permission.

17

Leaning on Jesus.

FLORA BEST. J. H. HATHAWAY.

1. A bur-den was laid on my spir - it, Whose weight was too heavy to bear; And so I just lean'd up - on Je - sus, And his lov - ing heart heeded my pray'r.
2. The shadows of doubt gathered round me, While the skies above me were dim; And I scarce could see thro' the dark-ness. The road that would lead me to him.
3. Then weary I sat by the wayside, And the tears fell fast from my eyes, When, lo, on the far - a - way mountains, I be- held the glad morning a - rise.

CHORUS.

Lean - - - ing on Je - - sus, Lean - - - - ing on Je - - - sus, Lean-ing on Je - sus, what want I be - side? Earth's golden treasures seem noth - ing but dross, Since I have anchored my heart to his Cross.

Leaning on Jesus, my Refuge and Guide,

18 What a Friend.

DR. BONAR. C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!

D.S.—All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!

Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Saviour, still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee?
Thou wilt find a solace there.

19 LOVE DIVINE.

1 Love Divine, all love excelling,
Joy of Heaven to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive,
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

3 Finish, then, thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in thee.
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

20 SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD.

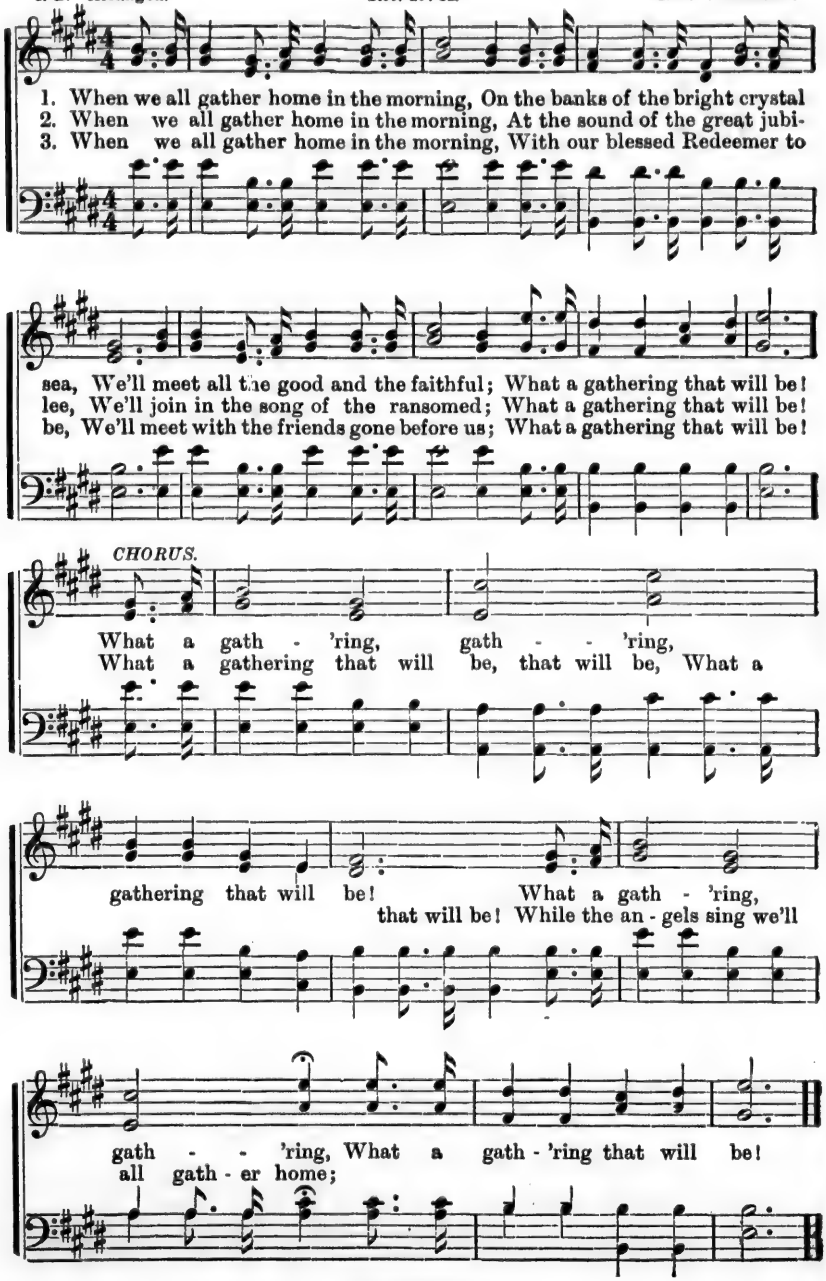
1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tend'rest care
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare;
||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are. :||

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray;
||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us, when we pray. :||

3 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord, and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill:
||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still. :||

21 What a Gathering.

I. B. Arranged. *Rev.* 20: 12. Rev. I. Baltzell.



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22 Companionship with Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, bless-ed fel-low-ship divine! Oh, joy su-preme-ly sweet! Com-
2. I'm walking close to Je-sus' side; So close that I can hear The
3. I'm leaning on his lov-ing breast, A-long life's wea-ry way; My
4. I know his shelt'ring wings of love Are always o'er me spread; And

pan-ion-ship with Je-sus here Makes life with bliss replete: In
soft-est whispers of his love In fel-low-ship so dear, And
path, il-lu-mined by his smiles, Grows brighter day by day; No
tho' the storms may fierce-ly rage, All calm and free from dread, My

un-ion with the pur-est one, I find my heav'n on earth begun.
feel his great Al-might-y hand Protects me in this hostile land.
foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my Al-might-y Friend so near.
peaceful spir-it ev-er sings "I'll trust the cov-ert of thy wings.

REFRAIN.

Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Je-sus with me all the time!

Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Je-sus with me all the time!

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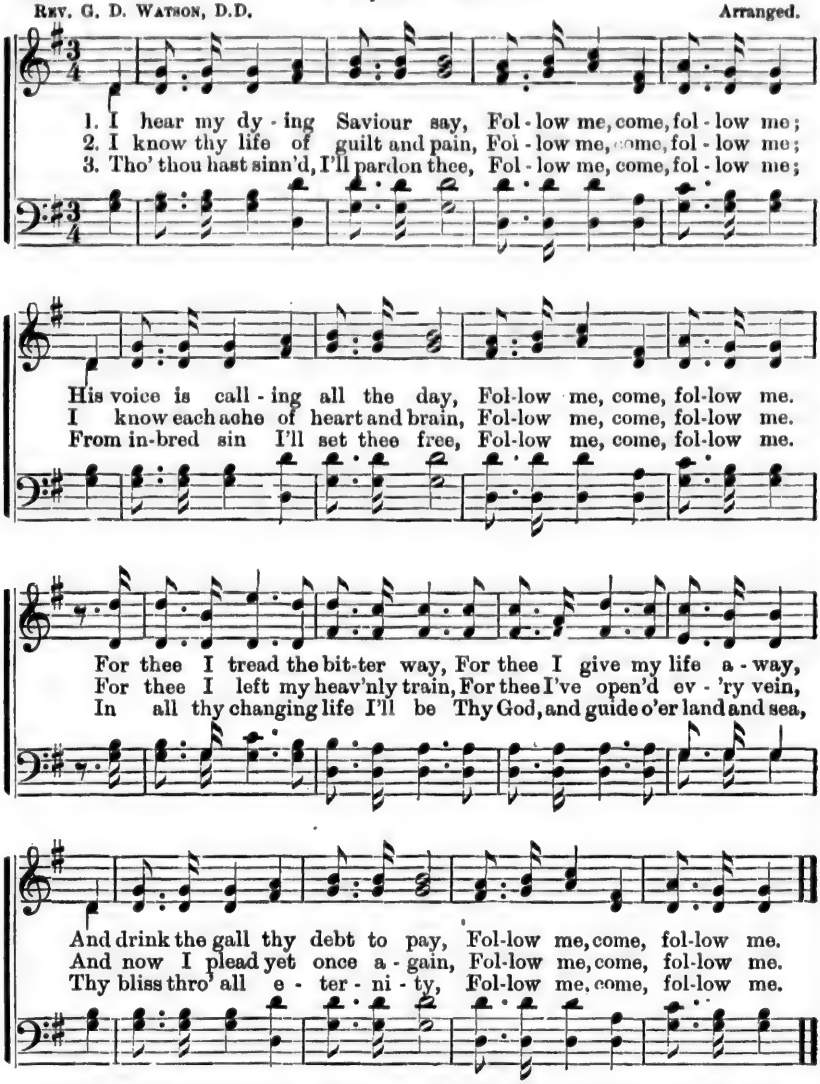
Follow Me.

Rev. G. D. Watson, D.D. Arranged.



4 Come cast upon me all thy cares,
Follow me, come, follow me;
Thy heavy load my arm upbears,
Follow me, come, follow me.
Lean on my breast, dismiss thy fears,
And trust me through the future years,
My hand shall wipe away thy tears,
Follow me, come, follow me.

5 Dear Lord, I yield to all thy will,
I'll follow thee, yes, follow thee;
Oh! bid my struggling soul be still,
I'll follow thee, yes, follow thee.
Come cleanse, and with thy Spirit fill,
And keep me safe from every ill,
And all thy word in me fulfil,
I'll follow thee, yes, follow thee.

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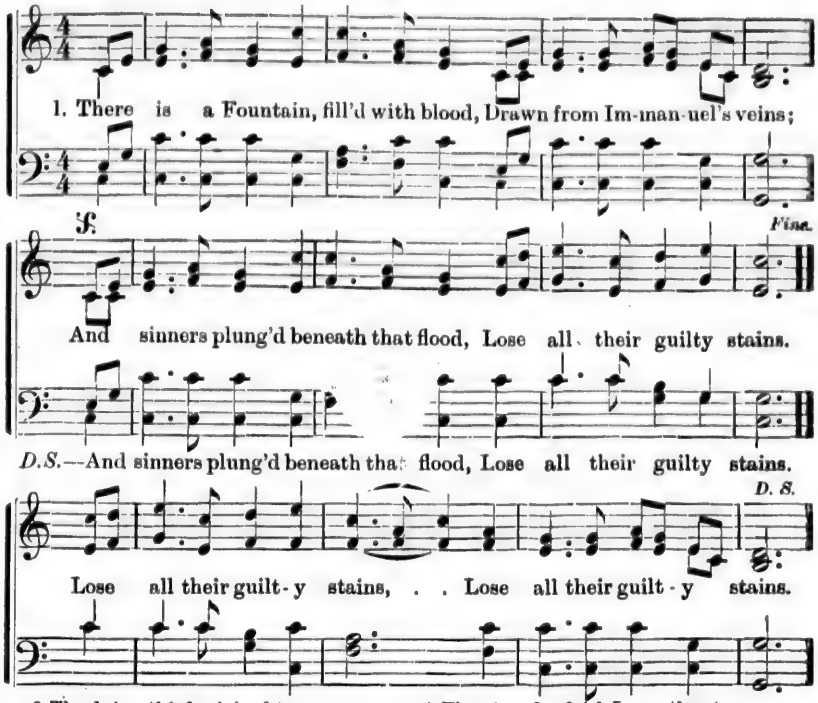
24 Cleansing Fountain.

COWPER.



2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

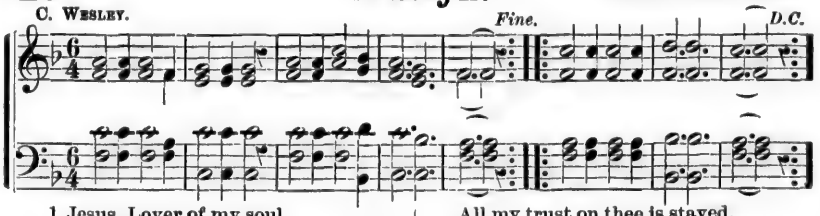
4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stam'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

25 Martyn.

SIMEON BUTLER MARSH.

C. WESLEY.



1 Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, oh, my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

No Room in Heaven.

W. O. Cushing. *Matt.* 25: 10. I. Baltzell.

1. How sad it would be, if when thou dost call, All hopeless and un - for-
2. How sad it would be, the harvest all past, The bright summer days all
3. Oh! haste thee and fly, while mercy is near; Remember the love that he

giv - en, The an - gel that stands at the beau - ti - ful gate, Should
ov - er, To know that the reap - ers had gathered the grain, And
gave you; The love that has sought thee is seek - ing thee still, And

REFRAIN.

answer: No room in heaven!
left thee a - lone for - ev - er! Sad, sad, sad would it be! No room in
Je - sus now waits to s..ve you.

Cho. for last verse—Room, room, still there is room, Oh! come while

heav - en for thee! No room, no room, No room in heav - en for

yet there is room; Still room, still room, Oh! come while yet there is

Slow and soft.

thee! No room, no room, No room in heav - en for thee!

room Still room, still room, Oh! come while yet there is room.

By permission.

For You and For Me.

W. L. T. — WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow. *pp* — *m*

1. Softly and ten - derly Jesus is calling, Calling for you and for me,
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading. Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me
4. Oh! for the wonderful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned he has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

m CHORUS. — *cres.*

Come home, Come home, Ye who are weary, come home,
Come home, Come home,

pp — *ppp* — *rit.* — *pp*

Earnestly, tenderly Jesus is calling, Calling, O sinner come home!

By permission of WILL. L. THOMPSON, E. Liverpool, O.

A Smile from Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JOHN R. SWENEY.

1. Tho' kindred ties around us Like i - vy branches twine, Tho'
2. We meet in Christian converse, We speak of joys to come, We
3. One look, one smile from Je- sus, For whom our souls would live, Not

life has man - y pleasures That o'er my pathway shine, Tho'
lift our eyes ex- pect - ant To Eden's bliss - ful home; Tho'
heav'n's transcendent beau - ty Such ho - ly joy can give; Be-

words to friendship sa - cred More sweet than mu - sic fall; One
sweet and precious blessings With ev - 'ry moment fall, One
yond the si - lent riv - er Tho' spir - it voic - es call, One

f. *Fine.*

look, one smile from Je - sus Is dear - er far than all.

D.S.—look, one smile from Je - sus Is dear - er far than all.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Dear - er, yes, dear - er, Dear - er far than all, One
Dearer than all, dearer than all, Dearer, yes, dear- er far than all.

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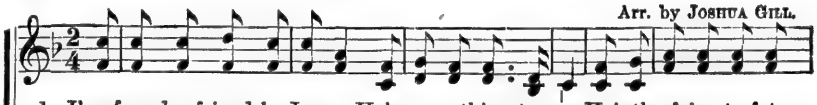
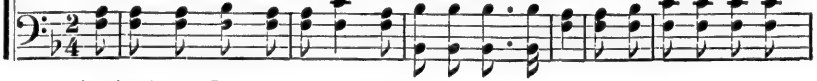
The Lily of the Valley.

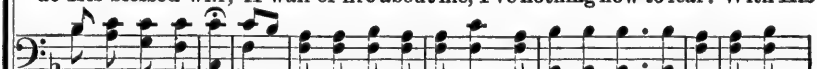
Arr. by JOSHUA GILL.



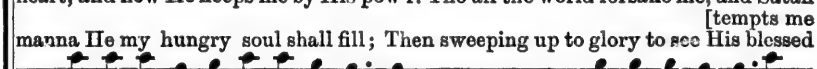
1. I've found a friend in Jesus, He's everything to me, He's the fairest of ten
2. He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne; In temptation He's my
3. He'll never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here, While I live by faith and



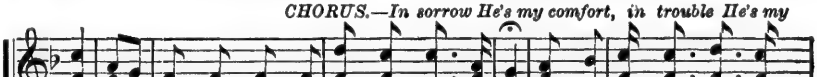
thousand to my soul; The Lily of the Valley in Him alone I see, All I
strong and mighty tow'r; I've sin for Him forsaken, I've all my idols torn From my
do His blessed will; A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear: With His



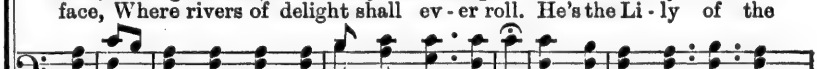
need to cleanse and make me fully whole. In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my
heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r. Tho'all the world forsake me, and Satan [tempts me
manna He my hungry soul shall fill; Then sweeping up to glory to see His blessed



CHORUS.—In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my

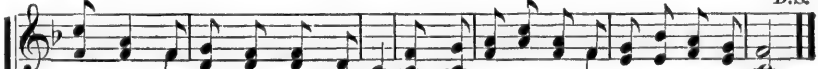


Hallelujah!
stay, He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll. He's the Li - ly of the
sore, Through Jesus I shall safely reach the goal. He's the Li - ly of the
face, Where rivers of delight shall ev - er roll. He's the Li - ly of the

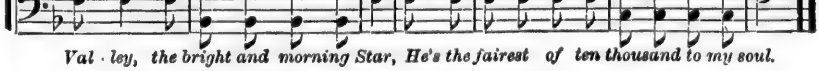


stay, He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll. He's the Li - ly of the

D.S.



Valley, the bright and morning Star, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.



Val - ley, the bright and morning Star, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

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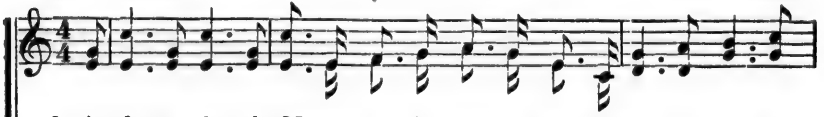
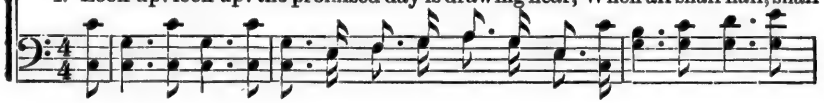
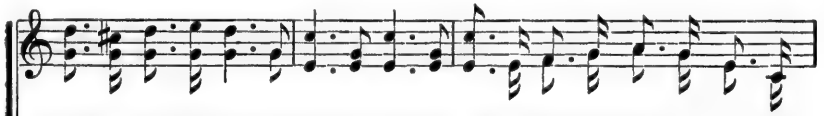
Church Rallying Song.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

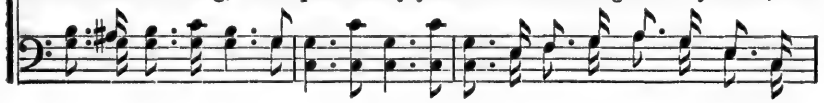


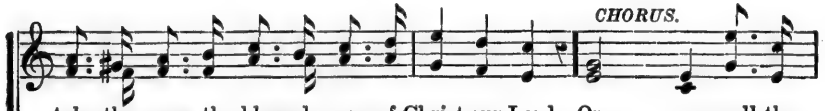
1. Awake! awake! the Master now is calling us, Arise! a rise! and,
2. A cry for light from dying ones in heathen lands: It comes, it comes a -
3. O church of God, extend thy kind mater - nal arms To save the lost on
4. Look up! look up! the promised day is drawing near, When all shall hail, shall





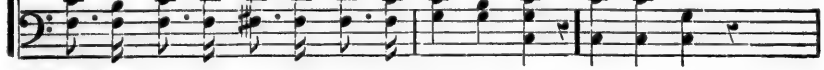
trusting in his word, Go forth, go forth! proclaim the year of jubi - lee, And cross the ocean's foam; Then haste, oh, haste to spread the words of truth abroad, For mountains dark and cold, Reach out thy hand with loving smile to rescue them, And hail the Saviour King, When peace and joy shall fold their wings in ev'ry clime, And

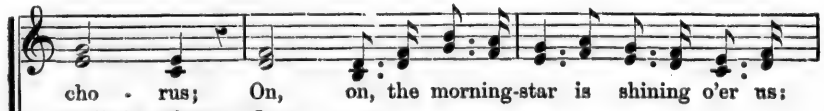




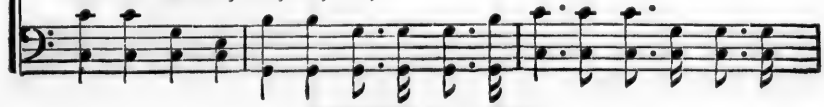
CHORUS.

take the cross, the blessed cross, of Christ our Lord. On, on, swell the
get - ting not the starving poor at home, dear home.
bring them to the shelter of the Saviour's fold.
"Glory, hal - le - lu - jah," o'er the earth shall ring. On, on, on,





cho - rus; On, on, the morning-star is shining o'er us;
swell the chorus, On, on, on,



By permission of J. J. HOOD.

Church Rallying Song—*Continued.*

On, on, while before us Our mighty, mighty Saviour leads the way:
On, on, on, while be-fore leads the way:

{ Glo - ry, glo - ry, hear the everlasting throng
Shout hosanna, while we boldly march along. } Faithful soldiers here below,

On - ly Je - sus will we know, Shouting "free salvation" o'er the world we go.

31 I Saw One.

(To be sung with subdued voices.)

NEWTON. H. W. INGERSOLL, arr'd.

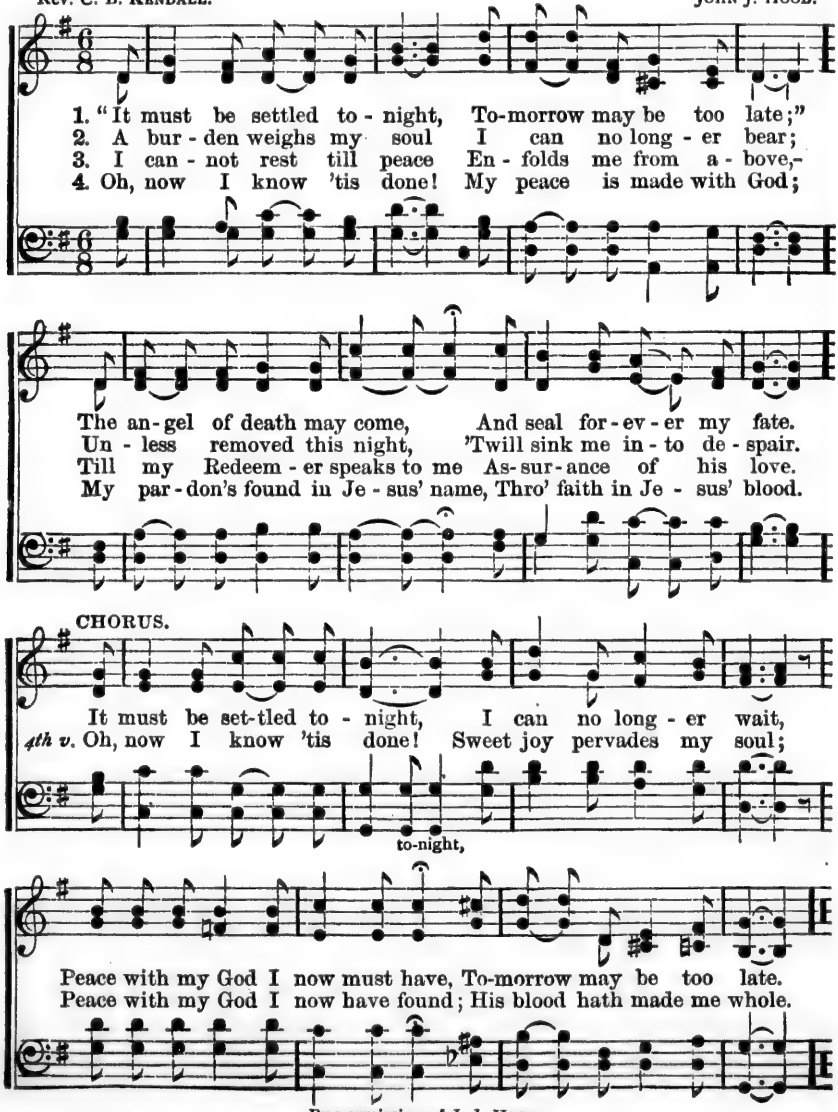
1. I saw one hang - ing on the tree, In ag - o - ny and blood,
2. Sure nev - er till my lat - est breath Can I for - get that look:
3. Thus while his death my sin dis - plays In all its black - est hue,

Who fixed his lan - guid eyes on me As near the cross I stood.
It seemed to charge me with his death, Tho' not a word he spoke.
Such is the mys - ter - y of grace, It seals my par - don too.

32 It Must be Settled To-Night.

A miner in England went to Church one night and became deeply concerned for the salvation of his soul. When the services were ended he refused to leave the house, although the minister told him it was late, and he must go home and seek the Saviour there, and come again the next night. "No," said the miner, "It must be settled to-night, to-morrow night may be too late." So the minister stayed with him until he found peace. The next day while at work in the mines a mass of rock fell upon him, and he was killed. His last words were, "Thank God, it was settled last night, to-night it would have been too late."

Rev. C. B. Kendall. John J. Hood.

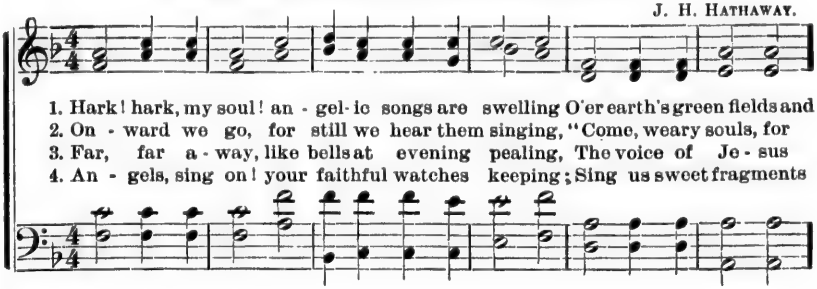


By permission of J. J. Hood.

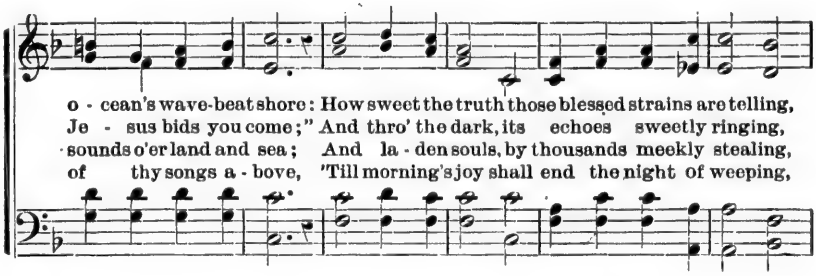
33 Hark! Hark, my Soul!

"Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands."—Ps. 100:1.

J. H. HATHAWAY.

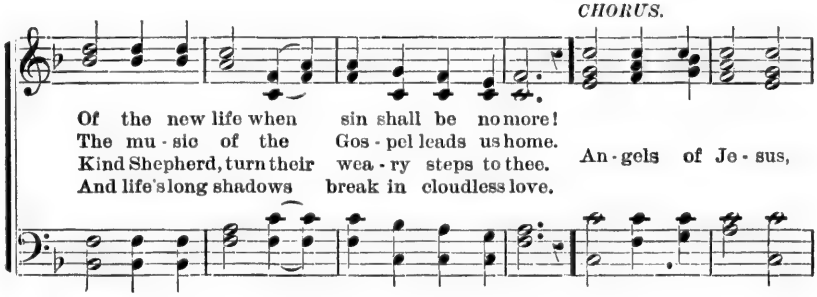


1. Hark! hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls, for
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at evening pealing, The voice of Je - sus
4. An - gels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping; Sing us sweet fragments



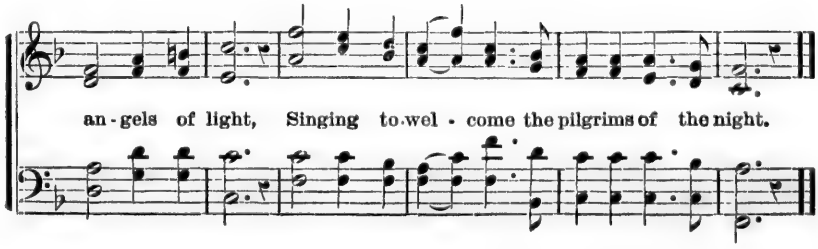
o - cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling,
Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
sounds o'er land and sea; And la - den souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
of thy songs a - bove, 'Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,

CHORUS.



Of the new life when sin shall be no more!
The mu - sic of the Gos - pel leads us home.
Kind Shepherd, turn their wea - ry steps to thee.
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

An - gels of Je - sus,



an - gels of light, Singing to wel - come the pilgrims of the night.

Eternity.

"Remember how short my time is."—*Psalm* 89 : 47.

MRS. ELLEN M. H. GATES. P. P. BLISS. By per.

1. Oh, the clanging bells of Time! Night and day they never cease;
2. Oh, the clanging bells of Time! How their changes rise and fall,
3. Oh, the clanging bells of Time! To their voices, loud and low,
4. Oh, the clanging bells of Time! Soon their notes will all be dumb,

We are wearied with their chime, For they do not bring us peace; And we
But in un - dertone sublime, Sounding clearly through them all, Is a
In a long, un - resting line We are marching to and fro; And we
And in joy and peace sublime, We shall feel the silence come; And our

hush our breath to hear, And we strain our eyes to see If thy
voice that must be heard, As our moments on - ward flee, And it
yearn for sight or sound, Of the life that is to be, For thy
souls their thirst will slake, And our eyes the King will see, When thy

Rit. *Rallentando.*

shores are draw - ing near,— E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!
speak - eth aye one word,— E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!
breath doth wrap us round,— E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!
glo - rious morn shall break,— E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!

By permission of J. J. Hood.

Let the Saviour In!

"If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him."—*Rev.* 3: 20.

REV J. B. ATCHINSON. E. O. EXCELL.

1. There's a Stranger at the door: Let him in!
2. O - pen now to him your heart: Let him in!
3. Hear you now his lov - ing voice? Let him in!
4. Now ad - mit the heav'nly Guest: Let him in!

Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!

He has been there oft before: Let him in!
If you wait he will depart: Let him in!
Now, oh, now make him your choice: Let him in!
He will make for you a feast: Let him in!

Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!

Let him in, ere he is gone; Let him in, the Ho - ly One,
Let him in: he is your Friend; He your soul will sure de - fend;
He is stand - ing at the door; Joy to you he will re - store,
He will speak your sins for - giv'n, And when earth ties all are riv'n,

Je - sus Christ, the Father's Son: Let him in!
He will keep you to the end: Let him in!
And his name you will a - dore: Let him in!
He will take you home to heav'n: Let him in!

Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!

(May be sung as a Solo and Quartet, the latter singing only "Let the Saviour in.")

By permission of J. J. HOOD.

Jesus Saves!

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—*Acts* 16: 31.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the rolling tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
4. Give the winds a mighty voice: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Spread the tid - ings all around: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
By his death and end - less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Let the na - tions now rejoice,—Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves;

Onward!—'tis our Lord's command: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb,—Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
This our song of vic - to - ry,—Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

By permission of J. J. HOOD.

Tell It Again.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. In - to the tent where a gypsy boy lay, Dy - ing a - lone at the close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we carried, Said he,
2. "Did he so love me,—a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me the good tid - ings of joy? Need I not perish? My hand will he hold?
3. Bending we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he entered the val - ley of death; "God sent his Son!"—whoso - ev - er?" said he;
4. Smiling, he said, as his last sigh was spent, "I am so glad that for me he was sent!" Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west,

REFRAIN.

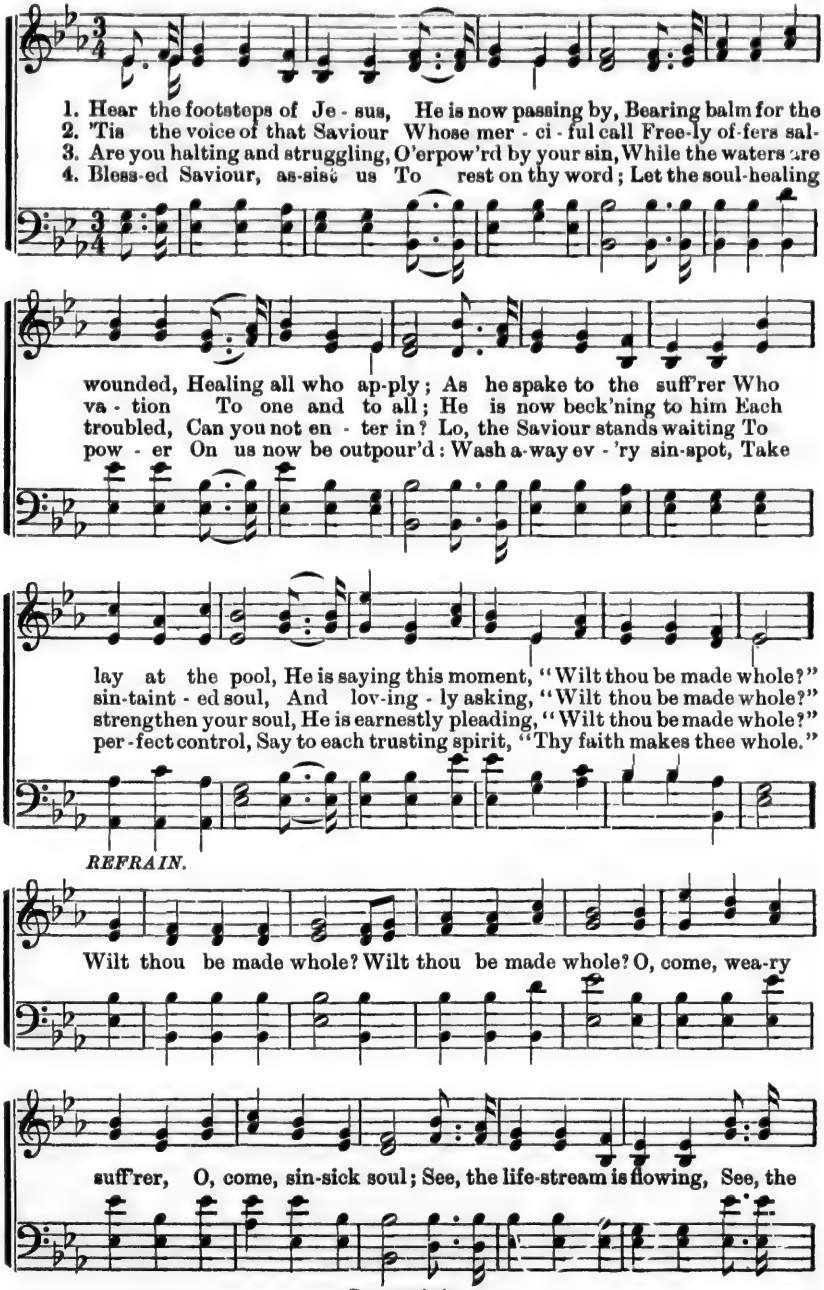
"No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!"
No - bod - y ev - er the story has told!"
"Then I am sure that he sent him for me!"
"Lord, I believe, tell it now to the rest!"
Tell it a - gain!

Tell it a - gain Sal - va - tion's sto - ry re - peat o'er and o'er,
Till none can say of the children of men, "No - body ev - er has told me before."

By permission.

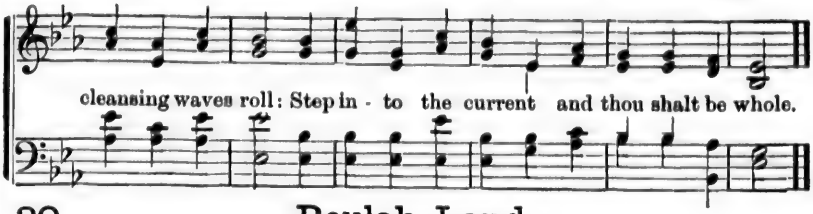
38 Wilt Thou be Made Whole?

W. J. K. Music by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



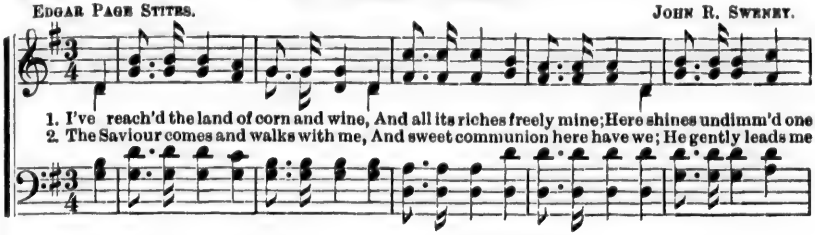
By permission.

Wilt Thou be Made Whole?—*Continued.*

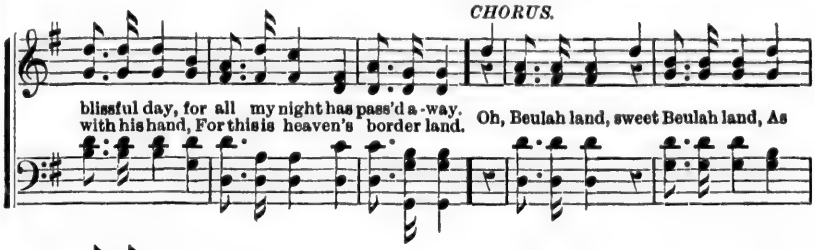


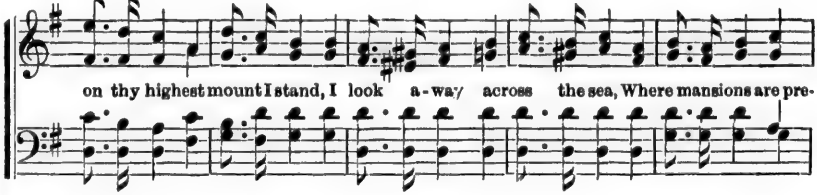
39 Beulah Land.

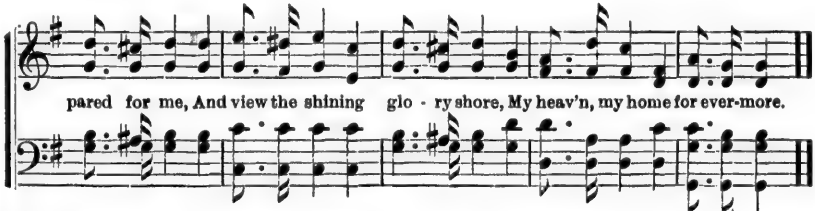
EDGAR PAGE STITES. JOHN R. SWENEY.



CHORUS.







3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze
Is borne from ever vernal trees,
And flow'rs that never fading grow
Where streams of life forever flow.

4 The zephyrs seem to float to me,
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels, with the white-robed throng,
Join ine th sweet redemption song.

By permission of J. J. HOOD.

The Banner of the Cross.

"Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth."—*Psalm* 60 : 4.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. There's a roy - al ban - ner giv - en for display To the soldiers of the King,
2. Tho' the foe may rage and gather as the flood, Let the standard be displayed!
3. O - ver land and sea, wherever man may dwell, Make the glorious tidings known;
4. When the glory dawns—'tis drawing very near—It is hast'ning day by day—

1. To the soldiers of the King; As an en-
2. Let the standard be displayed! And beneath
3. Make the glorious tidings known; Of the crim-
4. It is hast'n - ing day by day—Then before

As an en - sign fair we lift it up to-day, While as ransomed ones we sing.
And beneath its folds, as soldiers of the Lord, For the truth be not dismayed!
Of the crimson banner now the story tell, While the Lord shall claim His own:
Then before our King the foe shall disappear, And the Cross the world shall sway.

. . . . sign fair we lift it up to-day, While as ransomed ones we sing. Marching on!
. . . . . its folds, as soldiers of the Lord, For the truth be not dismayed Marching on!
. . . . son banner now the story tell, While the Lord shall claim his own! Marching on!
. . . . . our King the foe shall disappear, And the Cross the world shall sway. Marching on!

CHORUS.

Marching on! . . . Marching on! . . . For Christ count everything but loss;

Marching on! on! on! Marching on! on! on! For Christ count everything, everything but loss,
everything but loss

everything everything but loss;

And to crown him King, toil and sing, 'Neath the banner of the Cross.

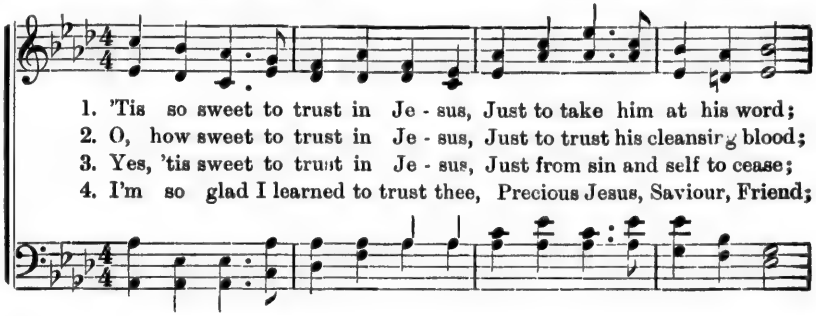
And to crown him King, we'll toil and sing, Beneath the banner of the Cross.

By permission.

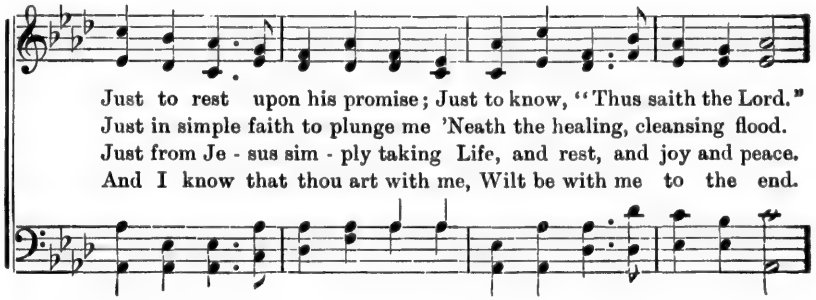
41 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

By permission.

Words by Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead. Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

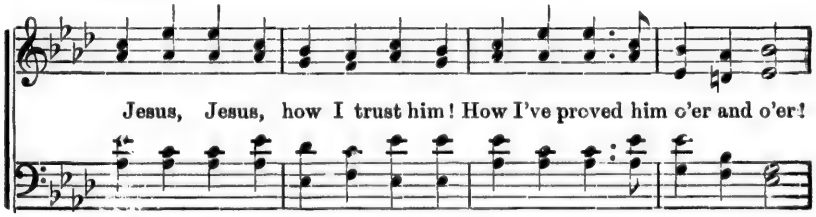


1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take him at his word;
2. O, how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust his cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust thee, Precious Jesus, Saviour, Friend;

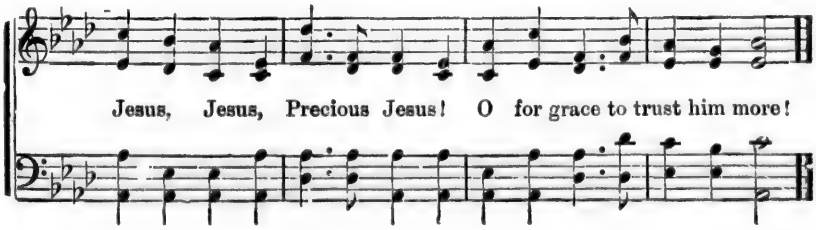


Just to rest upon his promise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in simple faith to plunge me 'Neath the healing, cleansing flood.
Just from Je - sus sim - ply taking Life, and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

REFRAIN.



Jesus, Jesus, how I trust him! How I've proved him o'er and o'er!



Jesus, Jesus, Precious Jesus! O for grace to trust him more!

At the Cross I'll Abide.

Matt. 27 : 55.

J. H. HATHAWAY.

1. O Je - sus, Saviour, I long to rest Near the cross where thou hast died;
2. My dy - ing Je - sus, my Sa - viour God, Who hast borne my guilt and sin,
3. O Je - sus, Saviour, now make me thine, Nev - er let me stray from thee;
4. The cleansing pow'r of thy blood ap - ply All my guilt and sin remove:

For there is hope for the aching breast, At the cross I will a - bide.
Now wash me, cleanse me with thine own blood, Ev - er keep me pure and clean.
Oh, wash me, cleanse me, for thou art mine, And thy love is full and free.
Oh, help me, while at the cross I lie, Fill my soul with per - fect love.

CHORUS.

At the cross I'll a - bide, At the cross I'll a - bide, There the blood is applied,

At the cross I'll a - bide. At the cross I'll a - bide, There the blood is applied,

There his blood is applied; At the cross I am sanc - ti - fied.

43 Jesus, My All!

Rev. G. D. Watson, D.D. — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. My heart sings a song From morning till night; A song full of lib- er- ty,

Love, and of light: A song of the Canaan-land, Happy and bright, And

REFRAIN.

all of my *song* is Jesus. Jesus, Jesus, All of my song is Jesus:

2. All of my rest
3. All of my gift
4. All of my light

From morning till night I sing with delight,—Je-sus, my precious Jesus!

2 My heart hath a rest
From sin and from fear;
A rest from all doubting,
Disappointment and care:
A rest like the sky,
Bending calm o'er the year,—
And all of my *rest* is Jesus.

3 My heart hath a gift,
With value untold;
A gift of unbounded peace,
Richer than gold:
A gift that the universe
Cannot all hold,—
And all of my *gift* is Jesus.

4 My heart hath a light
In the cloudiest day;
A light which illumines
Each moment my way:
A light which will not let
The little one stray,—
And all of my *light* is Jesus.

5 My heart hath a Friend,
All compassion and love,
Whose speech falls as soft
As the star-light above:
A friend that abideth,
And will not remove,—
And that dearest *friend* is Jesus.

6 My heart hath a home,
And it wanders no more;
A home like to that
On the glorified shore:
A home where all goodness
Unbosoms its store,—
And all of my *home* is Jesus.

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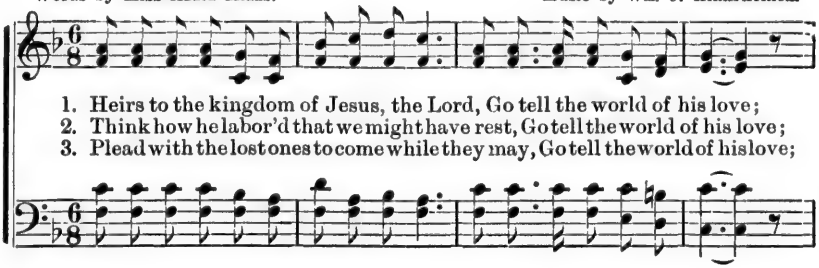
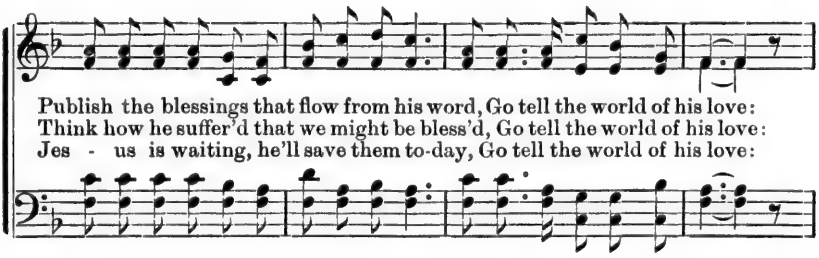
44 Go Tell the World of His Love.

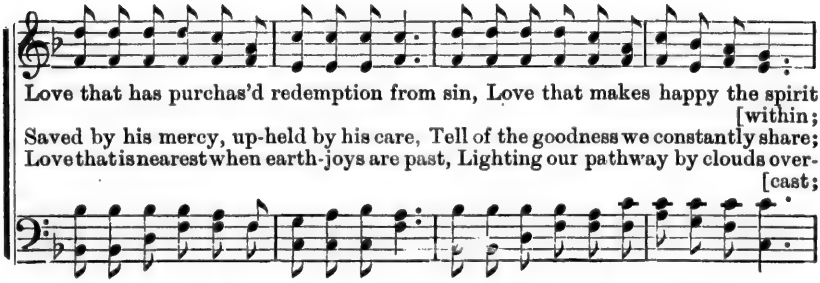
Words by Miss Abbie Mills. Music by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



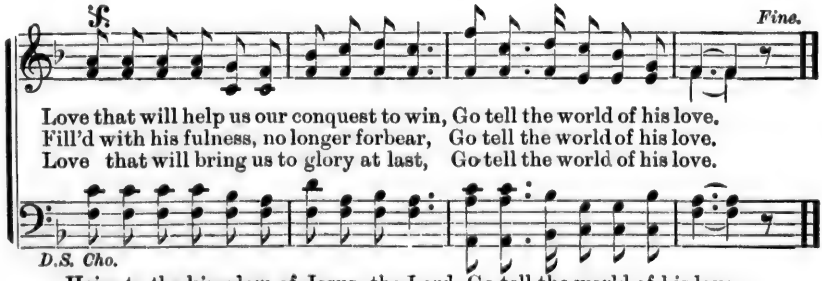
1. Heirs to the kingdom of Jesus, the Lord, Go tell the world of his love;
2. Think how he labor'd that we might have rest, Go tell the world of his love;
3. Plead with the lost ones to come while they may, Go tell the world of his love;



Publish the blessings that flow from his word, Go tell the world of his love:
Think how he suffer'd that we might be bless'd, Go tell the world of his love:
Jes - us is waiting, he'll save them to-day, Go tell the world of his love:



Love that has purchas'd redemption from sin, Love that makes happy the spirit [within;
Saved by his mercy, up-held by his care, Tell of the goodness we constantly share;
Love that is nearest when earth-joys are past, Lighting our pathway by clouds over- [cast;



Love that will help us our conquest to win, Go tell the world of his love.
Fill'd with his fulness, no longer forbear, Go tell the world of his love.
Love that will bring us to glory at last, Go tell the world of his love.

D.S. Cho.

Heirs to the kingdom of Jesus, the Lord, Go tell the world of his love.

From "*Songs of Joy and Gladness.*" Copyright.

Go Tell the World of His Love—*Continued.*

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Go tell the world, Go tell the world, Go tell the world of his love; of his love,

45 Since I've Trusted Him.

F. A. B. F. A. Blackmer.

1. Once I tho't I walked with Jesus, Yet such changeful feelings had;
2. But he called me closer to him, Bade my doubting, fearing, cease;
3. Now I'm trusting ev'ry moment, Nothing less can be e - nough;

Sometimes trusting, sometimes doubting, Sometimes joyful, sometimes sad.
And when I had ful - ly yielded, Filled my soul with perfect peace.
And the Saviour bears me gently O'er those places once so rough.

CHORUS.

Oh, the peace the Saviour gives, Peace I nev - er knew be - fore;

And my way has brighter grown, Since I've learned to trust him more.

By permission.

When the Harvest is Past.

S. F. Smith. H. H. McGranahan.

1. When the harvest is past and the summer is gone, And sermons and pray'rs shall be o'er, When the beams cease to break of the blest Sabbath morn, And
2. When the rich gales of mer - cy no long - er shall blow, The gospel no message declare; Sinner, how can'st thou bear the deep wailings of woe? How
3. When the ho - ly have gone to the regions of peace, To dwell in the mansions above, Where their harmony makes in the fulness of bliss, Their
4. Say, O sinner that liv - est at rest and secure, Who fearest no trouble to come, Can thy spir-it the swellings of sorrow endure, Or

CHORUS.

Je - sus invites thee no more. When the har - - - vest is past . . . . and the sum - - - mer is gone, . . . When the harvest is p[illegible] and the summer is gone, And Jesus invites thee no more.

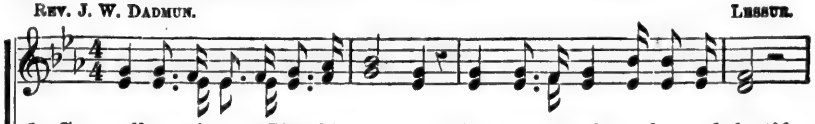
suf - fer the night of de - spair?
song to the Saviour they love.
bear the im - pen - i - tent's doom?

When the har - vest is past, is past, and the summer is gone, is gone,

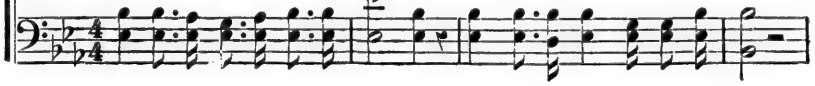
By permission.

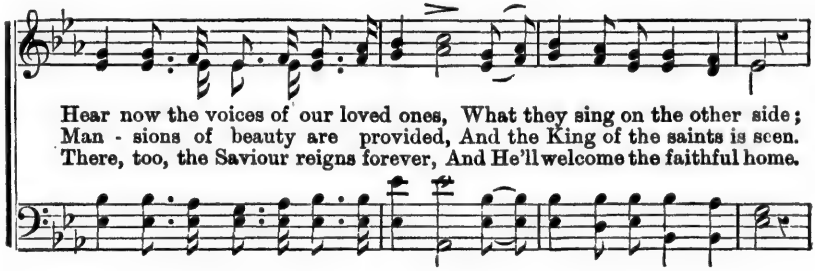
47 Our Loved Ones in Heaven.

REV. J. W. DADMUN. LESSUR.

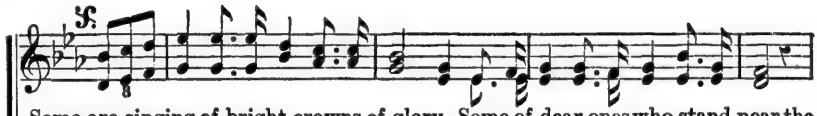


1. Come, all ye saints, to Pisgah's mountain, Come view our home beyond the tide;
2. There endless springs of life are flowing, There are the fields of living green;
3. Faith now beholds the flowing river, Coming from underneath the throne;

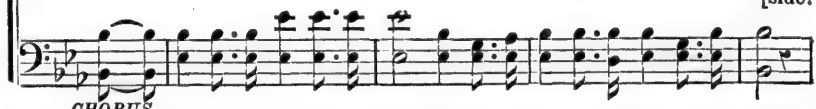




Hear now the voices of our loved ones, What they sing on the other side;
Man - sions of beauty are provided, And the King of the saints is seen.
There, too, the Saviour reigns forever, And He'll welcome the faithful home.

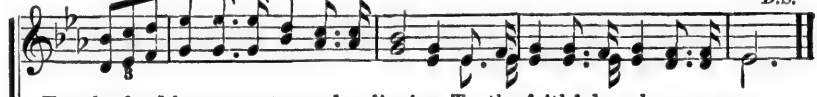


Some are singing of bright crowns of glory, Some of dear ones who stand near the [shore;
Soon my conflicts and toils will be ended; I shall join those who've passed on before;
Would you sit by the banks of the river With the friends you have loved by your [side?



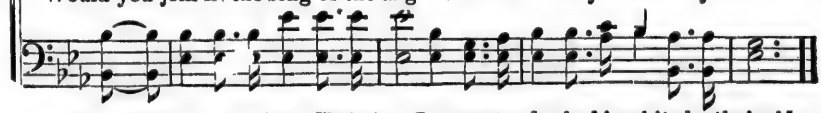
CHORUS.

D.S.—O the prospect! it is so transporting, And no danger I fear from the tide;



D.S.

For the fond heart must ever be clinging To the faithful we love evermore.
For my loved ones, O how I do miss them! I must press on and meet them once [more.
Would you join in the song of the angels? Then be ready to follow your Guide.



Let me go to the home of the Christian, Let me stand robed in white by their side.

48 The Door of God's Mercy is Open.

DUET.

"Strive to enter at the strait gate."

ELLEN OLIVER. E. B. SMITH.

1. The door of God's mercy is o - pen, To all who are weary of
2. The world is e'er wantonly wooing Your soul from the ways of the
3. So many who hear the glad message, Will never its mandates o - be
4. Sad hearts there will surely be moaning Out - side of the gateway of life,
5. The door of God's mercy is o - pen, In - vit - ing - ly o - pen to all,

And Je - sus is pa-tient-ly waiting, Still waiting, to welcome you in.
But Je - sus is ten - der - ly bidding You turn to his heavenly rest.
But turn from the precious, dear pleadings, And wil - ful - ly wander a - way.
And praying to Him they re - jected When earth with gay pleasure was rife.
Who list to the voice of the Master, And hearing shall heed his sweet call.

CHORUS.

Come, says the Saviour, Come enter the gate, I watch by the portals both

ear - ly and late, Lest some precious soul, Not far from the goal, Should

wander away in - to darkness and hate, And miss it forever, the pearly gate.

49 When the Pearly Gates Unfold.

MISS J. GRAHAM. Changed. J. H. HATHAWAY.

May be used as a solo.

1. I have giv'n my heart to Je - sus, This vain world is nought to me, All its fol- lies are forgotten, In rememb'ring Cal - va - ry. Tho' my friends despise, for- sake me, And the world on me looks cold, I've a Friend that will stand by me Till the
2. When the voice of Je - sus calls me, With his accents soft and low, I will lean up-on his bosom Thro' the val - ley as I go; I will claim his precious promise, Worth far more than worlds of gold: "Fear no evil! I'll be with thee Till the
3. In that land of wondrous beauty, Long by saints and angels trod, Where the stream of life is ev - er Flowing from the throne of God; In his presence joys a- bounding, Sweetest music, bliss untold, With my lov'd ones I shall wander When the

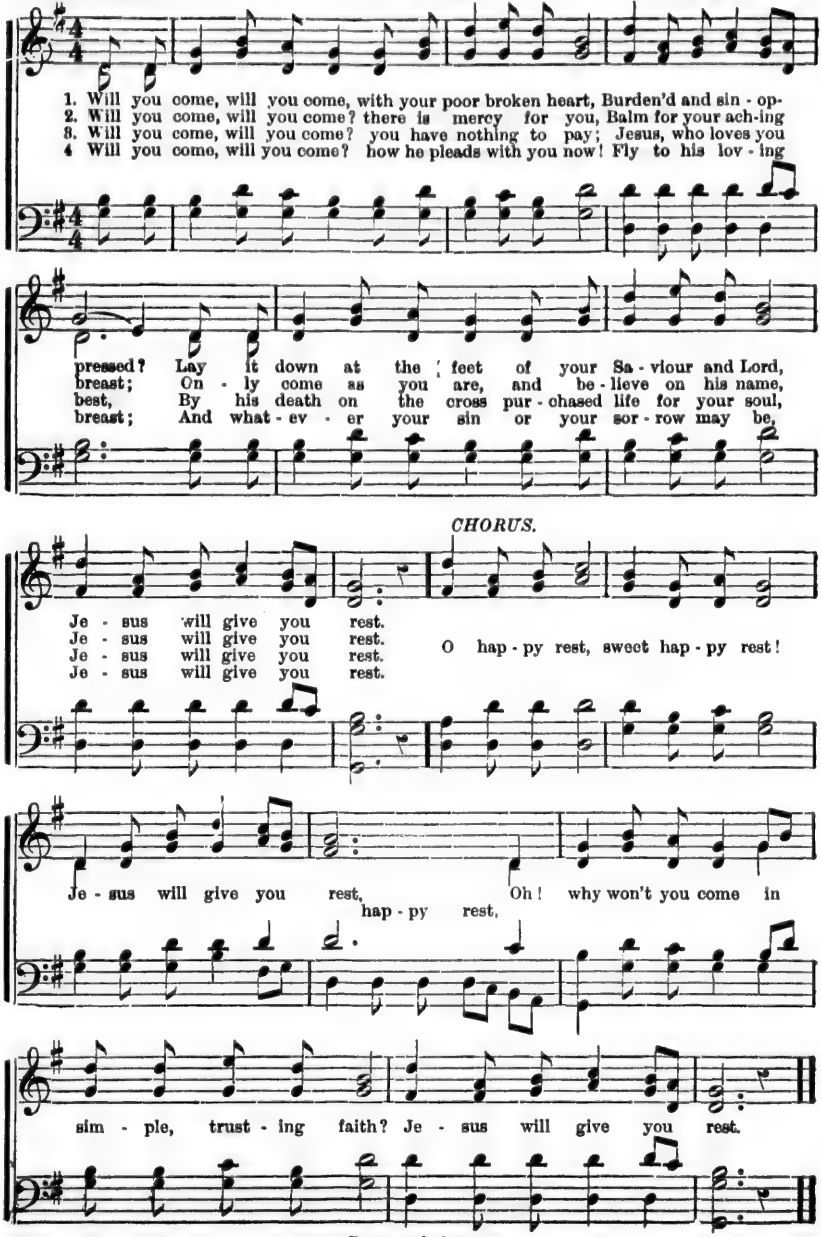
CHORUS.

pearl - y gates un - fold
pearl - y gates un - fold." Life's morn will soon be waning, And its ev'ning bells be
pearl - y gates un - fold.

tolled, But my heart will know no sadness, When the pearl-y gates unfold.

50 Jesus Will Give You Rest.

FANNY CROSBY. *Matt.* 11:28. JOHN R. SWENEY.



By permission.

51 Come Away to Jesus Now.

J. M. W. By permission. J. M. WHYTE.

1. Oh why thus stand with re - luctant feet, Just on the verge of this rest so sweet?
2. The Spi - rit strives and yet there you stand, In sight of bliss and the glory - land,
3. Your loved ones gone to the oth - er shore, With unseen hands seem to beckon o'er,
4. The touch of death is upon your frame, The marble slab soon will bear your name,

While God invites and your steps will greet, Come a - way to Je - sus now.
Re - treat is death in the sink - ing sand, Come a - way to Je - sus now.
Their voi - ces hushed, yet they still implore, Come a - way to Je - sus now.
Lest you should suf - fer e - ter - nal shame, Come a - way to Je - sus now.

CHORUS.

Come a - way to Je - sus, Come a - way to Je - sus, come a - way,
way to Je - sus, Come a - way to Come a - way to Je - sus, come away, Come a - way to
Je - sus, Come a - way to Je - sus now.
Je - sus, come a - way,

Entered, according to the Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-six, by JOHN MARCHANT WHYTE, in the office of the Minister of Agriculture, at Ottawa.

Christ is All.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 *Peter* 2 : 7.

W. A. Williams.

Effective as a Solo. *Ad lib.*

1. I entered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there,
2. I stood beside a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with aching head,
3. I saw the mar tyr at the stake, The flames could not his courage shake,
4. I saw the gos - pel her - ald go,—To Af - ric's sand and Greenland's snow,
5. I dream'd that hoar - y time had fled, And earth and sea gave up their dead,
6. Then come to Christ, oh! come to-day, The Father, Son, and Spi - rit say;

Yet peace and joy withal; I asked the lone - ly mother whence Her help - less
Wait - ing for Je - sus' call; I mark'd his smile, 'twas sweet as May, And as his
Nor death his soul appal; I ask'd him whence his strength was given, He looked tri-
To save from Satan's thrall, Nor home nor life he counted dear, 'Midst wants and
A fire dissolved this ball, I saw the church's ransomed throng, I heard the
The Bride repeats the call, For he will cleanse your guilty stains, His love will

CHORUS.

wid - owhood's defence, She told me "Christ was all." Christ is all, all in
spi - rit passed a - way, He whispered, "Christ is all."
umphant - ly to heaven, And answered, "Christ is all." Christ is all, all in
per - ils owned no fear, He felt that "Christ is all."
bur - den of their song, 'Twas "Christ is all in all."
soothe your wea - ry pains, For "Christ is all in all."

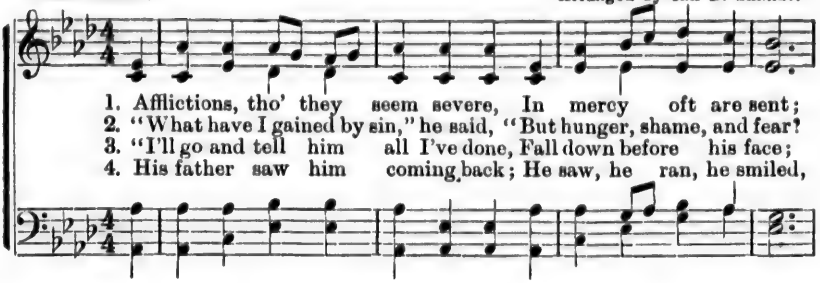
1st time. *2nd time.*

all, yes, Christ is all in all, ...
all, *Omit* . . . . . Yes, Christ is all in all.

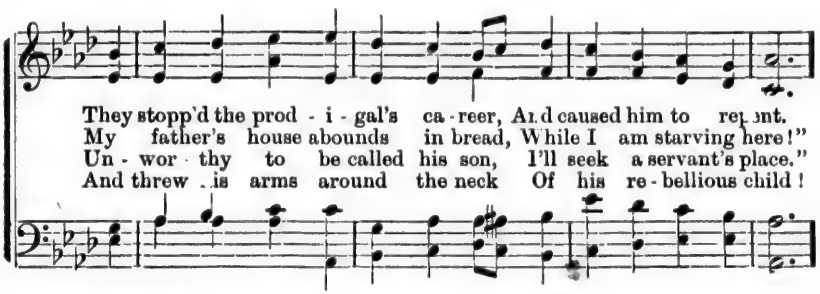
53 The Prodigal's Return.

"I will arise, and go to my Father."—*Luke* 15: 18.

JOHN NEWTON. Arranged by IRA D. SANKEY.

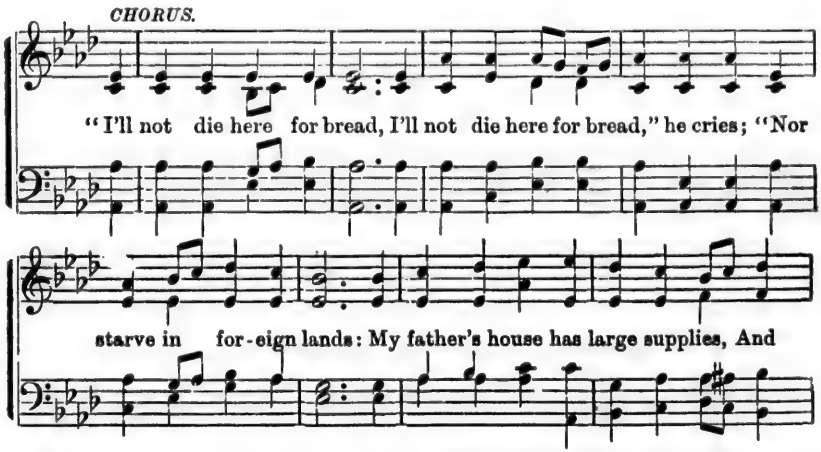


1. Afflictions, tho' they seem severe, In mercy oft are sent;
2. "What have I gained by sin," he said, "But hunger, shame, and fear?
3. "I'll go and tell him all I've done, Fall down before his face;
4. His father saw him coming back; He saw, he ran, he smiled,

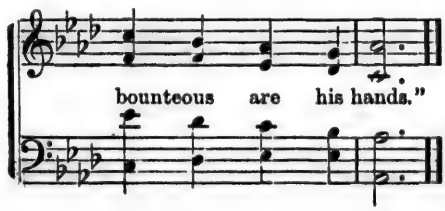


They stopp'd the prod - i - gal's ca - reer, And caused him to repent.
My father's house abounds in bread, While I am starving here!"
Un - wor - thy to be called his son, I'll seek a servant's place."
And threw his arms around the neck Of his re - bellious child!

CHORUS.



"I'll not die here for bread, I'll not die here for bread," he cries; "Nor
starve in for - eign lands: My father's house has large supplies, And



bounteous are his hands."

5 "O father, I have sinned—forgive!"
"Enough," the father said:
"Rejoice, my house; my son's alive
For whom I mourned as dead!"

6 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.

54 There You'll Sing Hallelujah.

ANON. J. H. HATHAWAY.

1. And let this fee-ble bod - y fail, And let it faint or
2. I suf - fer on my threescore years, Till my De - liv - 'rer
3. Oh, what are all my suff'rings here, If, Lord, thou count me
4. Give joy or grief, give ease or pain, Take life or friends a-

die; My soul shall quit the mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high.
come, And wipe a - way his servant's tears, And take his ex-ile home.
meet With that enraptured host to ap-pear, And worship at thy feet!
way, But let me find them all a - gain In that e - ter-nal day.

CHORUS

There you'll sing hal - le - lu - jah, And I'll sing hal - le - lu - jah,

And we'll all sing hal - le - lu - jah, In that bright world a - bove.

55 God Be with You!

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—*Romans* 16: 20.

J. E. Rankin. W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—By his counsels guide, up-
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—'Neath his wings se - curely
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—When life's per - il's thick con-
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—Keep love's banner floating

hold you, With his sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be
hide you, Dai - ly - man - na still pro - vide you; God be
found you, Put his lov - ing arms a - round you; God be
o'er you, Smite death's threatening wave be - fore you; God be

CHORUS.

with you till we meet a - gain! Till we meet! . . . . Till we
with you till we meet a - gain!
with you till we meet a - gain!
with you till we meet a - gain! Till we meet! Till we

meet! Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we
meet a - gain! Till we meet!

meet! . . . . Till we meet! God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Till we meet! Till we meet again!

By permission.

The Coming of His Feet.

LYMAN WHITNEY ALLEN. JOHN R. SWENNY.

1. In the crimson of the morning, in the whiteness of the noon, In the
2. I have heard his weary footsteps on the sands of Gal - i - lee, On the
3. Down the minster aisles of splendor, from betwixt the cher - u - bim, Thro' the

am - ber glo - ry of the day's retreat, In the midnight rob'd in darkness, or the
temple's marble pavement, on the street, With the weight of sorrow falt'ring up the
wond'ring throng, with motion strong and fleet, Sounds his victor tread approaching with a

gleaming of the moon, I lis - ten for the com - ing of his feet.
slopes of Cal - va - ry, The sor - row of the com - ing of his feet.
mu - sic far and dim—The mu - sic of the com - ing of his feet.

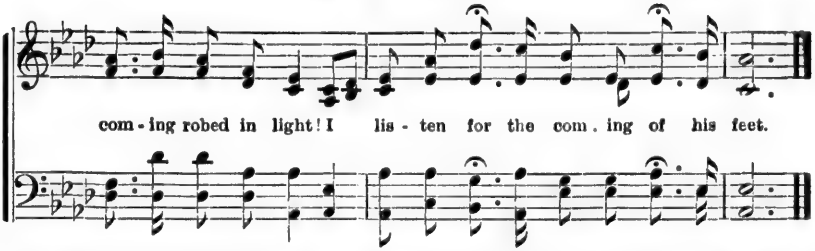
CHORUS.

For the com - - - ing of his feet, For the com - -
I am list'ning, I am list'ning for the coming of his feet, I am

- ing of his feet; He is coming, hal - le - lu - jah! he is
list'ning for the coming of his feet;

By permission.

The Coming of His Feet—*Continued.*

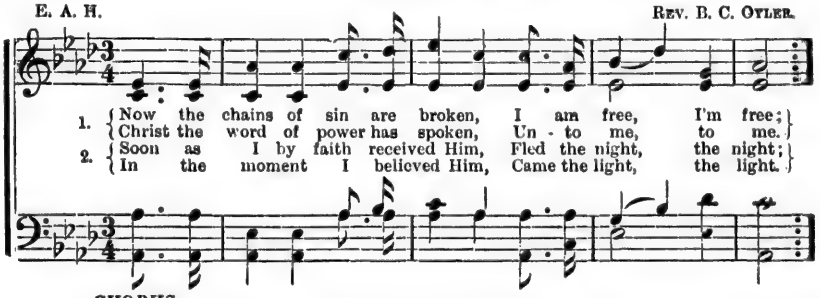


4 Sandaled not with shoon of silver, girdled
not with woven gold,
Weighted not with shimm'ring gems
and odors sweet,
White-winged and shod with glory in
the Tabor-light of old—
The glory of the coming of his feet.

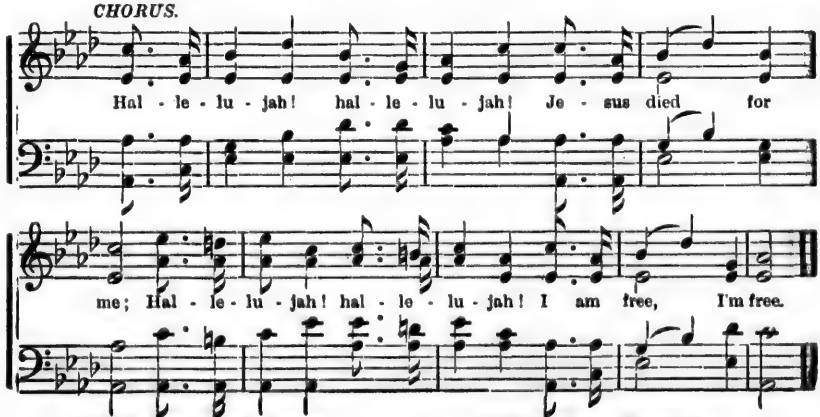
5 He is coming, oh, my spirit! with his
everlasting peace,
With his blessedness immortal and
complete;
He is coming, oh, my spirit! and his
coming brings release;
I listen for the coming of his feet.

57 I Am Free.

E. A. H. REV. B. C. OTLER.



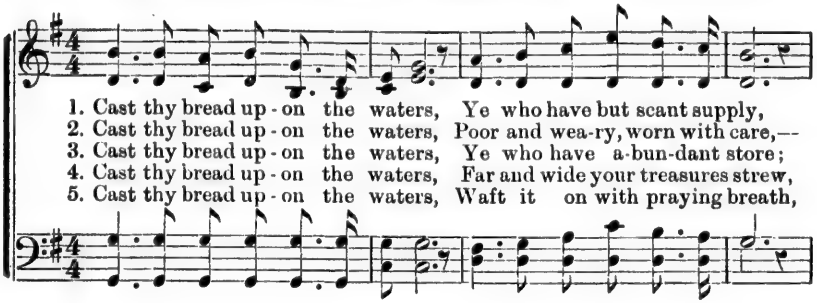
CHORUS.



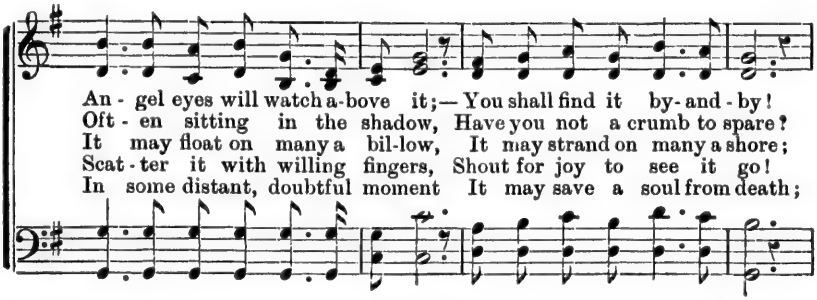
3 All the fetters that oppressed me
Now are riven, are riven;
With His precious love He blessed me,
This to me is heaven.

4 I will tell the wondrous story
Of His grace and love;
He has filled my soul with glory,
Praise the Lord above!

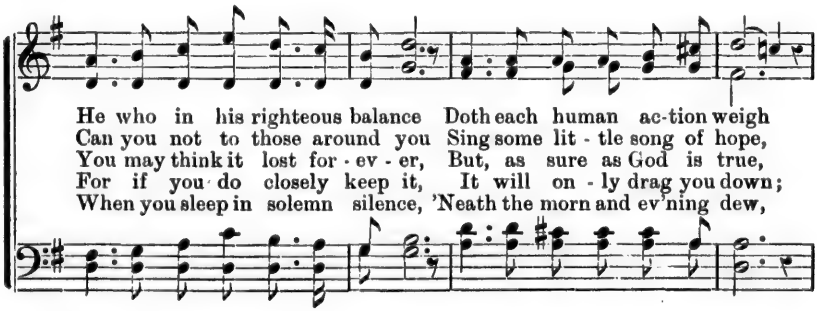
58 Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters.



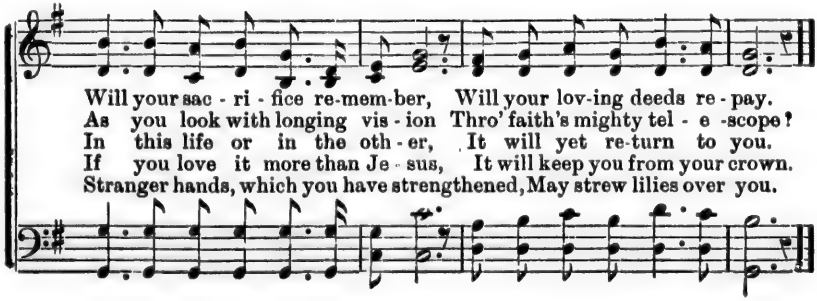
1. Cast thy bread up - on the waters, Ye who have but scant supply,
2. Cast thy bread up - on the waters, Poor and wea-ry, worn with care,—
3. Cast thy bread up - on the waters, Ye who have a-bun-dant store;
4. Cast thy bread up - on the waters, Far and wide your treasures strew,
5. Cast thy bread up - on the waters, Waft it on with praying breath,



An - gel eyes will watch a-bove it;—You shall find it by-and-by!
Oft - en sitting in the shadow, Have you not a crumb to spare?
It may float on many a bil-low, It may strand on many a shore;
Scat - ter it with willing fingers, Shout for joy to see it go!
In some distant, doubtful moment It may save a soul from death;



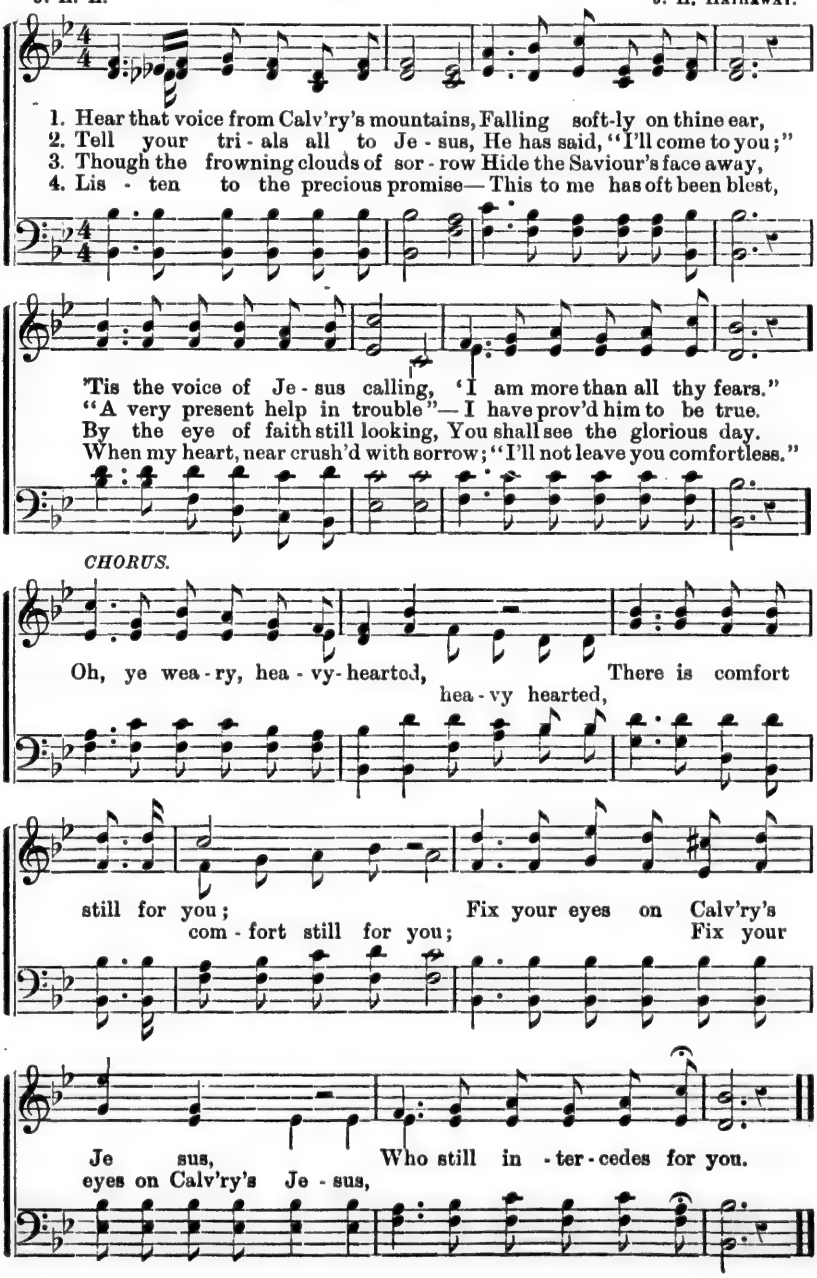
He who in his righteous balance Doth each human ac-tion weigh
Can you not to those around you Sing some lit - tle song of hope,
You may think it lost for - ev - er, But, as sure as God is true,
For if you do closely keep it, It will on - ly drag you down;
When you sleep in solemn silence, 'Neath the morn and ev'ning dew,



Will your sac - ri - fice re-mem-ber, Will your lov-ing deeds re - pay.
As you look with longing vis - ion Thro' faith's mighty tel - e -scope?
In this life or in the oth - er, It will yet re-turn to you.
If you love it more than Je - sus, It will keep you from your crown.
Stranger hands, which you have strengthened, May strew lilies over you.

Heavy-Hearted.

J. H. H. J. H. Hathaway.



60 Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

"They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."—*Matt.* 9:12.

Arr. from NEUMASTER, 1671. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Sin - ners Je - sus will receive: Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and he will give you rest; Trust him, for his word is plain;
3. Now my heart condemns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;

Who the heav'nly path - way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful - est: Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last demand.
Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with him I en - ter in.

REFRAIN.

Sing it o'er . . . and o'er a - gain, . . . Christ re-
Sing it o'er again, Sing it o'er again: Christ re-

ceiv . . . eth sin - ful men; . . . Make the mes . . . sage
ceiv-eth sin - ful men, Christ re-ceiv-eth sinful men; Make the message plain,

clear and plain: . . . Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
Make the message plain:

By permission.

61 I'm Believing and Receiving.

Words and Music by H. H. Booth.

1. Sins of years are washed away, Blackest stains become as
2. Doubts and fears are borne along, On the cur - rent's ceaseless
3. Ease and wealth become as dross, Worthless earth's delight and
4. Sel - fish - ness is lost in love, Love for him whose love you
5. Fight - ing is a great delight, Nev - er will you fear the

snow; Darkest night is changed to day, When you to the ri - ver go.
flow; Sorrow changes in - to song, When you to the ri - ver go.
show; All your boast is in the Cross, When you to the ri - ver go.
know; All your treasure is above, When you to the ri - ver go.
foe; Armed by King Jehovah's might, When you to the ri - ver go.

CHORUS.

I'm be - liev - ing and re - ceiving, While I to the ri - ver

go; And my heart its waves are cleansing, Whiter than the driven snow.

"The New Song."

H. Pollard. Southern Melody.

CHORUS.

Wait a lit - tle while, Then we'll sing the New Song;

Wait a lit - tle while, Then we'll sing the New Song.

1. When the great Ju - bi - lee shall come, Then we'll sing the New Song;

End with Chorus.

And Christ shall take his ransom'd home, Then we'll sing the New Song.

2 When the long night of sin shall close,
Then we'll sing the New Song;
And life's fair day shall end our woes,
Then we'll sing the New Song.

3 When the glad shout shall rend the sky,
Then we'll sing the New Song;
"O grave, where is thy victory?"
Then we'll sing the New Song.

4 When sorrow, pain and death are o'er,
Then we'll sing the New Song;
And sighs and tears shall be no more,
Then we'll sing the New Song.

5 When to the pearly gates we come,
Then we'll sing the New Song;
When we have reached our blissful home,
Then we'll sing the New Song.

6 When we shall tread Life's river brink,
Then we'll sing the New Song;
And of those crystal waters drink,
Then we'll sing the New Song.

7 Where all will be immortal, fair,
There we'll sing the New Song;
When blood-washed robes are ours to wear,
Then we'll sing the New Song.

63 Marching Home to Glory!

J. H. HATHAWAY.

1. Will you join our happy band, Marching home to glo - ry? Trav'ling to the
2. Strangers here, we seek no place, Marching home to glo- ry! Ev'ry step we
3. Ev - 'ry day the miles grow less, Marching home to glo- ry! As our foot'ps

bet- ter land, Marching home to glory? Will you wait with us for him Who will
learn his grace, Marching home to glory! Ev'ry need by him supplied Wakes a
onward press, Marching home to glory! Even now we catch a gleam—Hear the

end all sorrow, Gazing past the dark to-day, To heav'n's bright to-morrow?
note of singing; Ev'ry sorrow, sanc-ti - fied, Praise to him is bringing!
cho - rus swelling! As each wand'rer finds his place In the Father's dwelling.

CHORUS.

March-ing home! march-ing home! Marching home to glo - ry!

we're

Heart to heart, and hand in hand, We're marching home to glo - ry!

64 Seeking the Lost.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. Seek- ing the lost, yes, kind- ly en - treat - ing Wan- der - ers
2. Seek- ing the lost, and pointing to Je - sus, Souls that are
3. Thus I would go on missions of mer - cy, Fol - low - ing

on the mountain a - stray;" "Come un - to me," His message re -
weak, and hearts that are sore; Lead-ing them forth in ways of sal -
Christ from day un - to day; Cheering the faint, and rais-ing the

- peat - ing, Words of the Mas - ter speaking to - day.
- va - tion, Show - ing the path to life ev - er - more.
fall - en; Point - ing the lost to Je - sus the way.

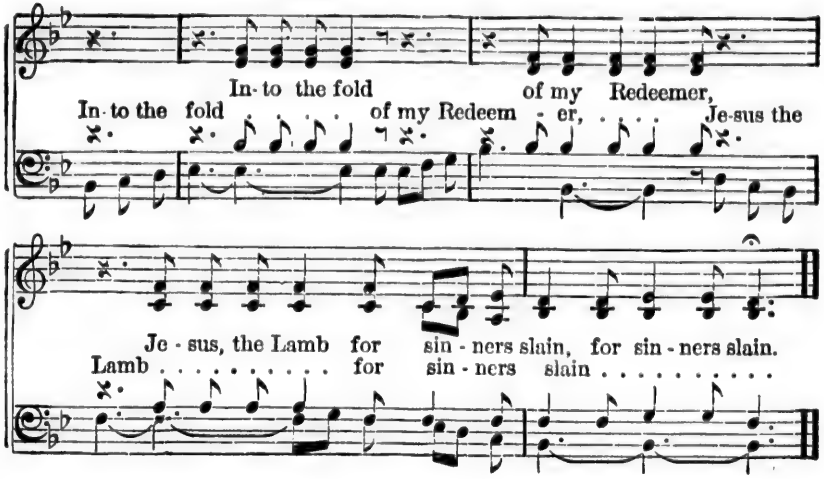
Chorus.

Go- ing a - far up- on the mountain,
Go-ing a - far . . . . . upon the moun - tain, Bringing the

Bring - in the wan - d'rer back a - gain, back a - gain.
wan - - d'rer back a - gain . . . . . .

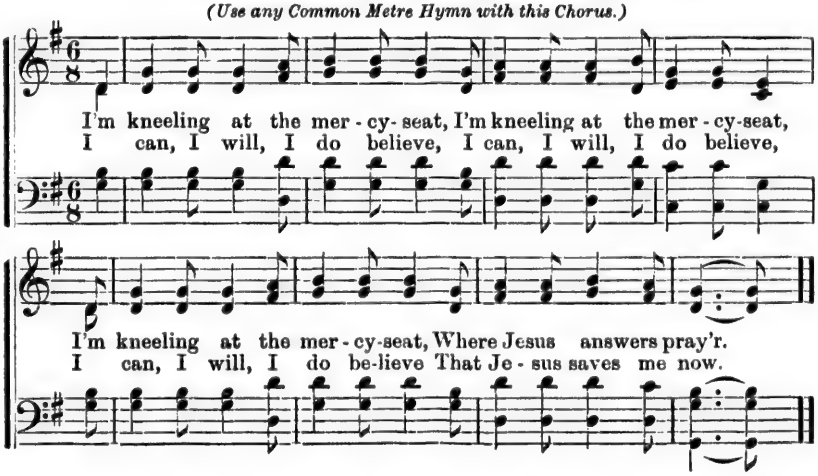
By permission.

Seeking the Lost—*Continued.*



65 I'm Kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.

(Use any Common Metre Hymn with this Chorus.)



66 THE REFINING POWER OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

1 Jesus, Thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

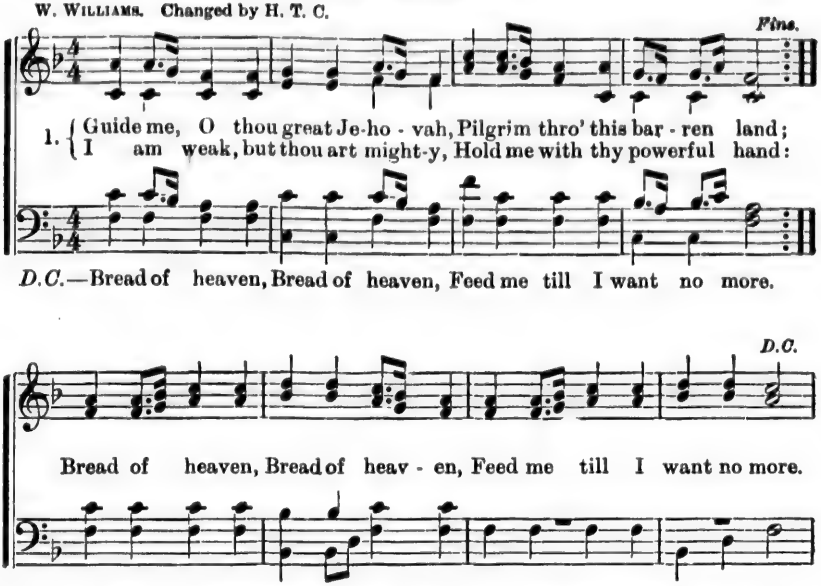
2 Oh, that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.

3 Oh, that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume;
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;
Spirit of burning come.

4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul:
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

67 Guide Me.

W. Williams. Changed by H. T. C.



2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
||: Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield. :||

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid its waters then divide;
Bear me through in faith triumphant,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
||: Songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee. :||

68 Come, Thou Fount.

1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

Chorus.

I love Jesus, Hallelujah!
I love Jesus, yes I do;
I love Jesus, he's my Saviour,
Jesus smiles and loves me too.

2 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my trusting heart to thee.

4 I do trust thee, Lord, I know it;
I will trust, for thou art love;
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above!

69 Parting Hymn.

1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh, refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

The Blessed Story.

J. H. H. J. H. HATHAWAY.

1. I will tell the wondrous sto - ry Of the Saviour's grace and
2. I was lost, when Je - sus found me, In the darkness and the
3. I was wea - ry, hea - vy - la - den, "Come to me," he said, "and
4. Oh, the blessed rest he gives me, Rest I nev - er knew be-

love, How he died for poor, lost sinners, Leaving that bright home above.
cold, Like a lov - ing Shepherd led me To the shelter of his fold.
rest, Lay thy burden on thy Saviour, And thy head up- on my breast."
fore, And my way is brighter growing As I learn to trust him more.

CHORUS.

Sing, oh, sing the blessed sto - ry, Of his wondrous grace and

love; He has fill'd my soul with glo-ry, I will praise the Lord a-bove.

71 The Rock that is Higher than I.

E. JOHNSON. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
2. Oh, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet;
3. Oh, near to the Rock let me keep, Or blessings or sorrows pre - vail;

And sor - rows, some - times how they sweep Like tempests down ov - er the soul!
But toil - ing in life's dust - y way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
Or climbing the mountain - way steep, Or walk - ing the sha - dow - y vale.

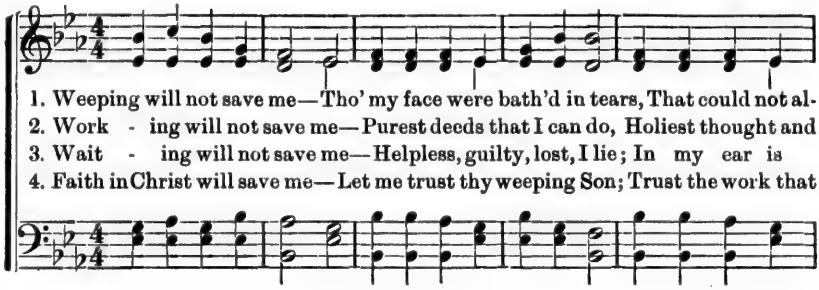
CHORUS.

Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I:
let me fly, Oh, then to the Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I.
let me fly,

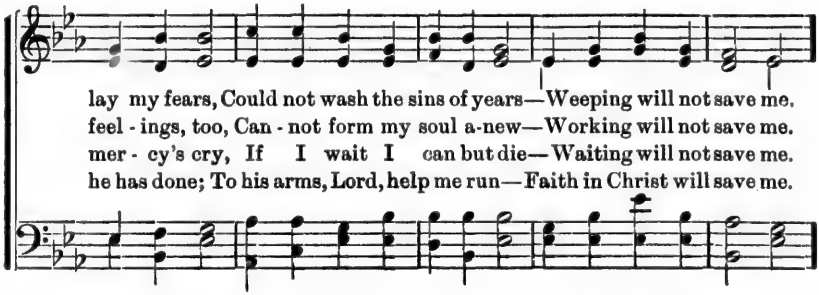
By permission.

None but Jesus.

ROBERT LOWRY. ROBERT LOWRY.

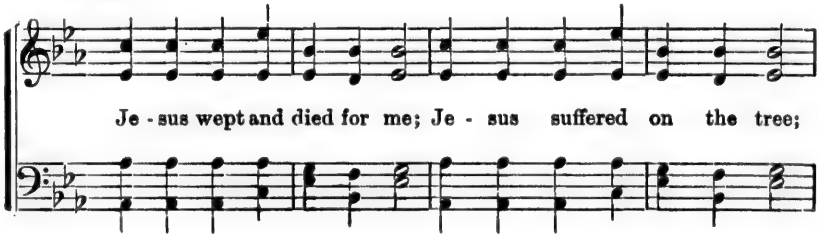


1. Weeping will not save me—Tho' my face were bath'd in tears, That could not al-
2. Work - ing will not save me—Purest deeds that I can do, Holiest thought and
3. Wait - ing will not save me—Helpless, guilty, lost, I lie; In my ear is
4. Faith in Christ will save me—Let me trust thy weeping Son; Trust the work that

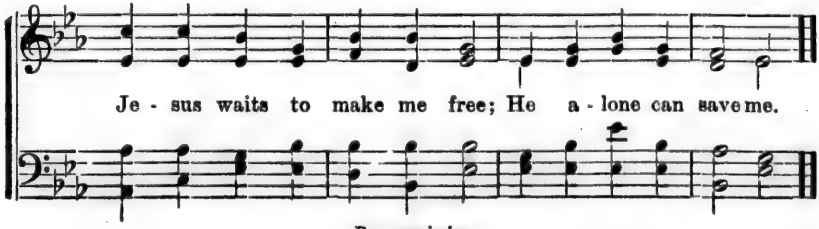


lay my fears, Could not wash the sins of years—Weeping will not save me.
feel - ings, too, Can - not form my soul a-new—Working will not save me.
mer - cy's cry, If I wait I can but die—Waiting will not save me.
he has done; To his arms, Lord, help me run—Faith in Christ will save me.

CHORUS.



Je - sus wept and died for me; Je - sus suffered on the tree;



Je - sus waits to make me free; He a - lone can save me.

By permission.

73 Since I Have Been Redeemed.

E. O. E. To Geo. T. Howser. E. O. Excell.

1. I have a *song* I love to sing, Since I have been re - deem'd,
2. I have a *Christ* that sat - is - fies, Since I have been re - deem'd,
3. I have a *Witness*, bright and clear, Since I have been re - deem'd,
4. I have a *joy* I can't ex-press, Since I have been re - deem'd,
5. I have a *home* pre-pared for me, Since I have been re - deem'd,

Of my Re-deem-er, Sa-vior, King, Since I have been re - deem'd.
To do his will my high-est prize, Since I have been re - deem'd.
Dis - spell - ing ev - 'ry doubt and fear, Since I have been re - deem'd.
All through his blood and righteousness, Since I have been re - deem'd.
Where I shall dwell e - ter - nal - ly, Since I have been re - deem'd.

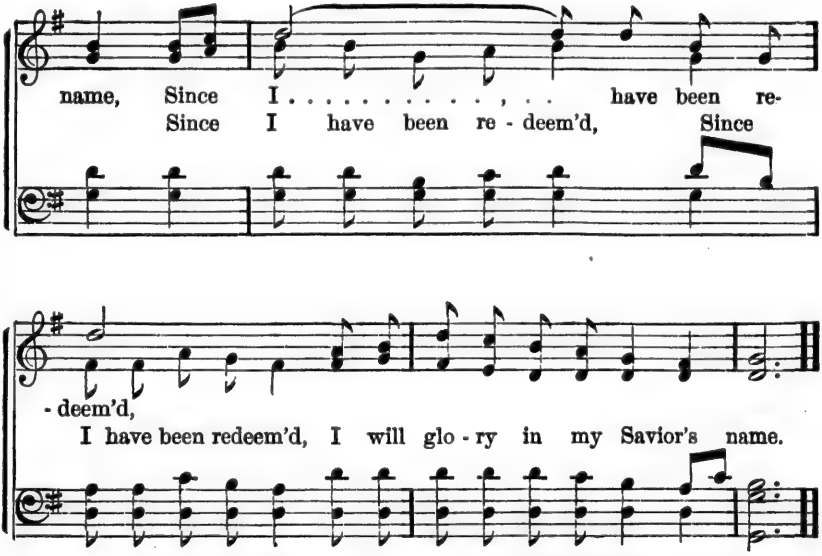
Chorus.

Since I . . . . . have been re-deem'd,
Since I have been re-deem'd, Since I have been redeem'd,

Since I have been redeem'd, I will glo - ry in his

By permission.

Since I Have Been Redeemed—*Continued.*



74 ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE.

1 Arise, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed one;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his son:
His spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

3 My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

75 ON CHRIST, THE SOLID ROCK, I STAND.

1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

CHORUS.

On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to vail his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale
My anchor holds within the vail.

3 His oath, his covenant, and blood
Support me in the 'whelming flood:
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

76 WE'VE A BAND THAT SHALL CONQUER THE FOE.

Tune: G. H. & S. S. 204.

1 We've a band that shall conquer the foe,
If we fight in the strength of our King;
With the Sword of the Spirit, we know,
We shall sinners to Calvary bring.

CHORUS.

I believe we shall win, we shall win,
If we fight in the strength of our King.

2 We have conquered in times that are past,
And we've scattered the foe from the field;
Then we'll fight for the King till the last,
And the Sword of the Spirit we'll wield,

3 Our foe may be mighty and brave,
And the fighting be hard and severe;
But the King is the mighty to save,
And in conflict he always is near.

4 In the name of the King we will fight,
With our banners unfurled to the breeze;
We will battle for God and the right,
And the kingdom of Satan we'll seize.

77 Let the Master In.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him."—*Rev.* 3: 20.

REV. S. D. PHELPS, D.D. R. L.

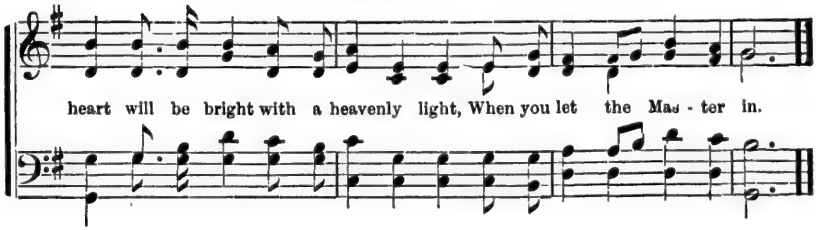
1. Once I heard a sound at my heart's dark door, And was roused from the slum - ber of sin; It was Je - sus knocked, he had knocked be - fore; Now I said, Bless - ed Mas - ter, come in.
2. Then he spread a feast of re - deem - ing love, And he made me his own hap - py guest; In my joy I thought that the saints a - bove could be hard - ly more fa - vored or blest.
3. In the ho - ly war with the foes of truth, He's my Shield, he my ta - ble pre - pares, He re - stores my soul, he re- news my youth, And gives tri - umph in an - swer to prayers.
4. He will feast me still with his pre - sence dear, And the love he so free - ly hath given, While his pro - mise tells, as I serve him here, Of the ban - quet of glo - ry in heaven.

CHORUS.

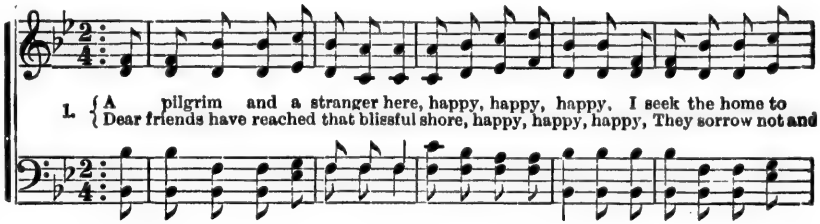
Then o - - - pen, o - - - pen.
Then o - pen to him, o - pen to him,
O - pen; let the Mas - ter in; let him in; . . . . . For the in;

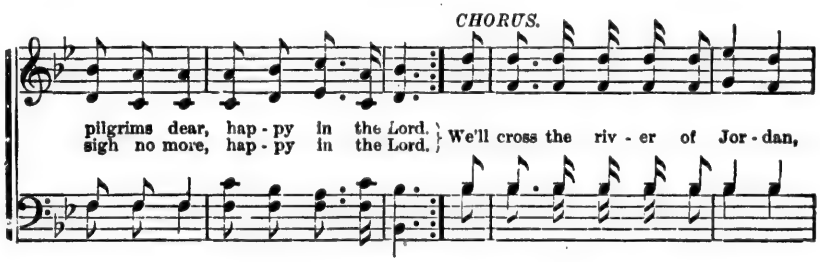
By permission.

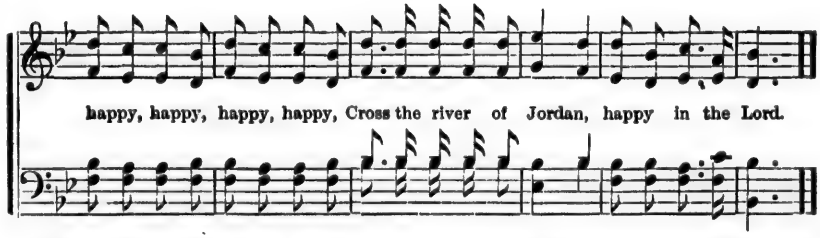
Let the Master In—*Continued.*



78 Happy in the Lord.







2 I leave this world of sin behind, happy, etc.,
That better home in heaven to find, happy, etc.,
Fair lands are here, and houses fair, happy, etc.,
But fairer is my home up there, happy, etc.,

3 O happy day when first Thy love, happy, etc.,
Began our grateful hearts to move, happy, etc.,
And gazing on Thy wondrous cross, happy, etc.
We saw all else as worthless dross, happy, etc.

4 O happy day! when we shall see, happy, etc.
And fix our longing eyes on Thee, happy, etc.
On Thee, our Light, our Life, our Love, happy etc.,
Our All below, our Heaven above, happy, etc.

Just from the Fountain.

"The washing of regeneration."—*Tit.* 3 : 5.

FANNY J. CROSBY. R. LOWRY.

1. Just from the fountain—and now we can sing, Happy, O happy in Je - sus! Just from the brink of the life - giv - ing spring,
2. Just from the fountain—'twas sweet to be there, Saved through the merits of Je - sus; Ask - ing the aid of His Spir - it in prayer.
3. Just from the fountain of mercy are we, Happy, O happy in Je - sus! Sin - ner, the foun - tain is flow - ing for thee,

REFRAIN.

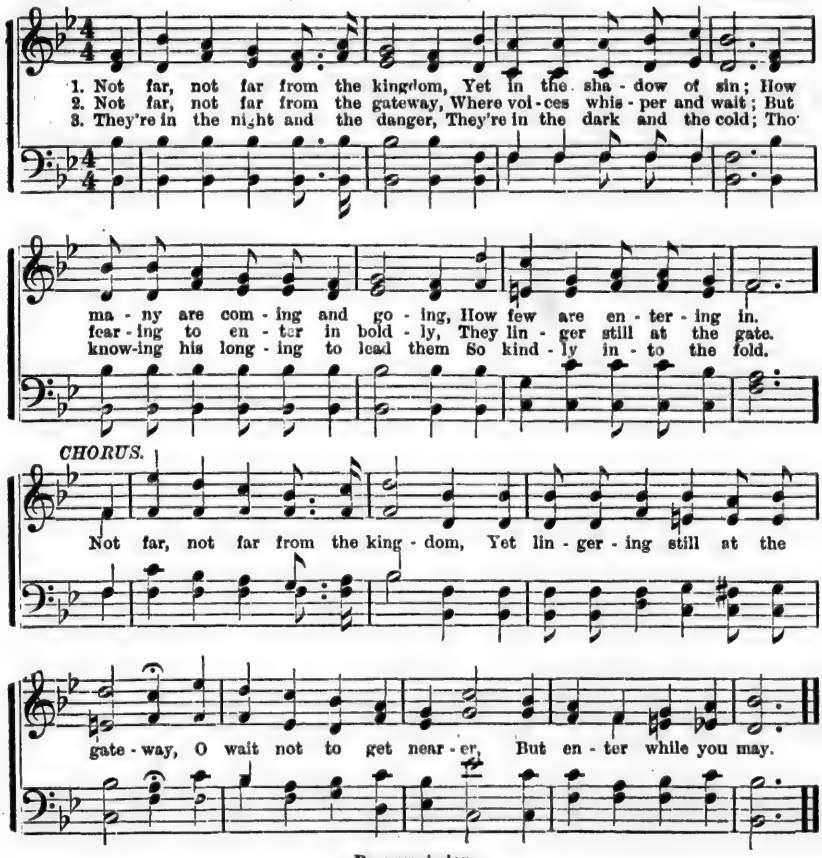
Hap - py, O hap - py in Je - sus!
Hold - ing com - mun - ion with Je - sus. Gone is our bur - den, He rolled it a - way O - pened our eyes to the light of the day;
Come and be hap - py in Je - sus.

Now in the fullness of joy we can say, Happy, O happy in Je - sus.

By permission.

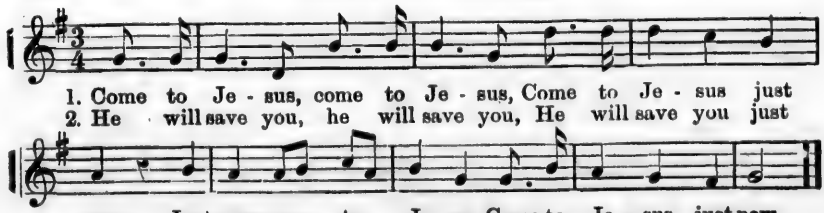
80 Not Far from the Kingdom.

ENGLISH. W. A. OGDEN.



By permission.

81 Come to Jesus.



3 Oh, believe him.
4 He is able.
5 He is willing.
6 He'll receive you.
7 He will hear you.
8 He'll forgive you.
9 He will cleanse you.
10 Jesus loves you.
11 Only trust him.

Jesus is Calling You Now.

J. M. W. J. M. WHITE.

1. Why do you wait a con - ven - i - ent day? Je - sus is call - ing you now; Why do you turn from his pleadings a- way? Jesus is calling you now. He stands at the door of your heart just now, The dews of the morning are on his brow;

2. Days have gone by, and the months and the years, Je - sus is call - ing you now; Joys have de - part - ed and sor - row a- pears, Jesus is calling you now. The promise you made him was nev - er kept, When down by the grave-side you mourned and wept;

3. Darkness is deep'ning, and oh, 'tis so late! Je - sus is call - ing you now; What if the Spir - it left you to your fate? Jesus is calling you now. Escape for thy life, tar - ry not, O soul, Escape for thy life, you may miss the goal;

Jesus is Calling You Now—*Continued.*

He is there wait - ing and call - ing you now; O
Turn to him now and his free grace ac - cept; O
And if you miss it, what hor - rors, O soul! O

CHORUS.

will you not come to him now?
will you not come to him now?
will you not come to him now?

Will you not come to him now?
Come to him now, come, just

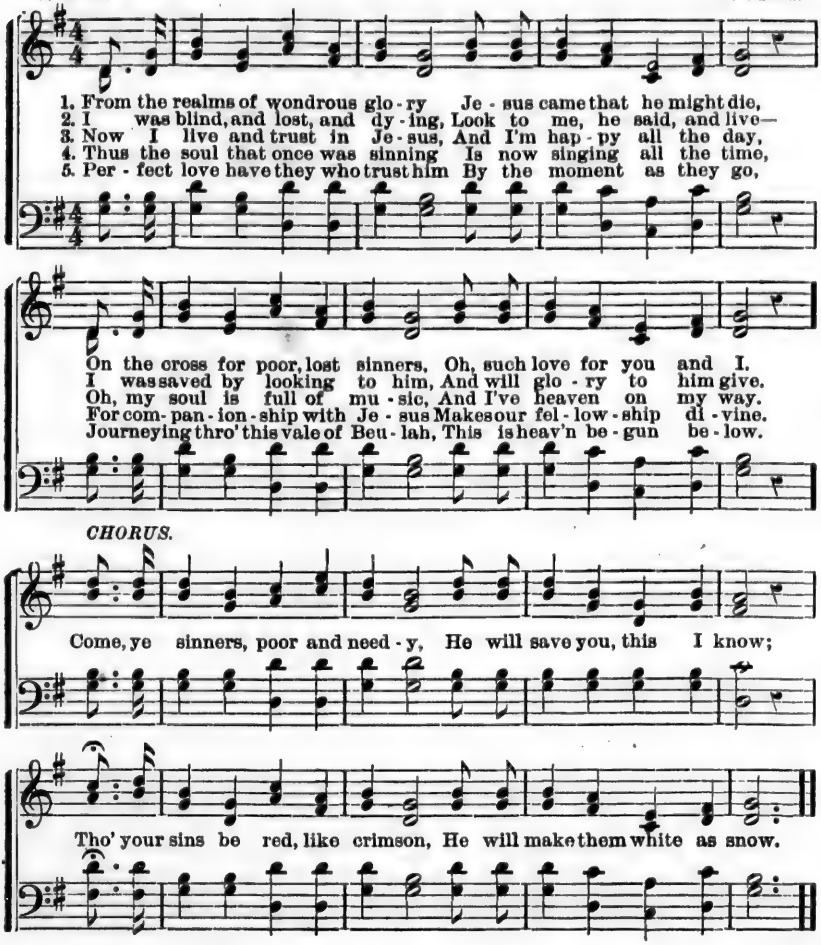
Will you not trust in him now? Just
now. right now? Come to him

now, right now, O hear him, he's calling you now
now, trust in him now.

By permission.

83 Come, Ye Sinners!

J. H. H. M. Blows.



84 In His Presence.

Mrs. W. J. Aldrich. Tune: "Come, ye Sinners!"

1 I'm so glad that Jesus called me
From the world's alluring charms,
Its unrest, and anxious longing,
To the shelter of his arms.

Refrain.

And I *gladly* listened to him,
Brought to him my weary soul;
Then the tender, pitying Jesus,
Took me, cleansed me, made me whole.

2 Oh, the blessed rest he gives me,
Rest I never knew before;
And *his peace*, beyond expression,
Fills and thrills me evermore.

3 Now I'm trusting in his merit,
All my sin he takes away;
In the secret of his presence
Sweetly keeps me, day by day.

4 Weary wanderer, come to Jesus,
Trust the covert of his wings,
Seek for perfect rest and blessing,
In the joy his presence brings.

Consecration.

1 Chr. 29: 5.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - crated, Lord to thee;
2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for thee;
3. Take my lips and let them be Filled with mes - sa - ges from thee;
4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in end - less praise;
5. Take my will and make it thine, It shall be no long - er mine;
6. Take my love—my Lord, I pour At thy feet its treasure - store;

Take my hands and let them move At the impulse of thy love.
Take my voice and let me sing Always—on - ly—for my King.
Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my in - tel - lect and use Ev'ry pow'r as thou shalt choose.
Take my heart, it is thine own, It shall be thy roy - al throne.
Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for thee.

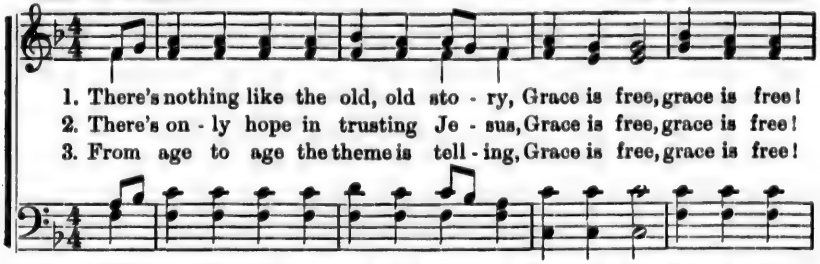
CHORUS.

Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood,
the precious blood,
Cleanse me in its pur - i - fy - ing flood,
the healing flood,
Lord, I give to thee my life and all to be, Thine, henceforth, e - ter - nal - ly.

By permission.

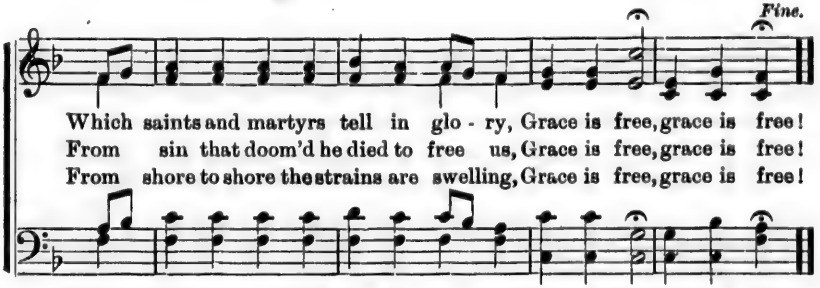
Grace is Free.

EMMA M. JOHNSTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



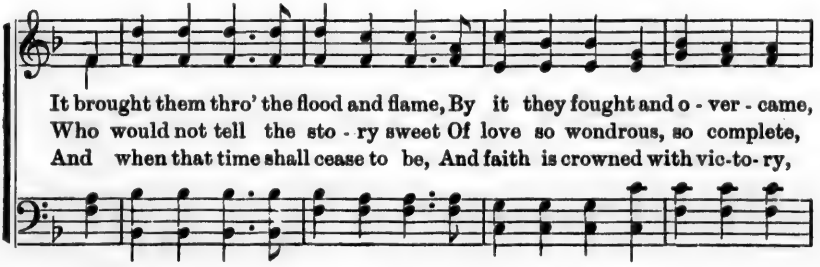
1. There's nothing like the old, old sto - ry, Grace is free, grace is free!
2. There's on - ly hope in trusting Je - sus, Grace is free, grace is free!
3. From age to age the theme is tell - ing, Grace is free, grace is free!

CHO.—There's nothing like the old, old sto - ry, Grace is free, grace is free!

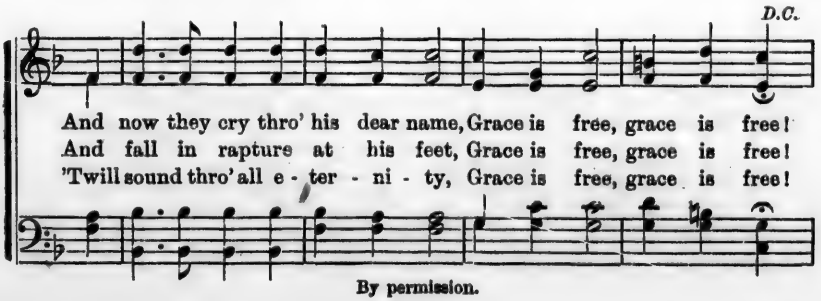


Which saints and martyrs tell in glo - ry, Grace is free, grace is free!
From sin that doom'd he died to free us, Grace is free, grace is free!
From shore to shore the strains are swelling, Grace is free, grace is free!

Which saints and martyrs tell in glo - ry, Grace is free, grace is free!



It brought them thro' the flood and flame, By it they fought and o - ver - came,
Who would not tell the sto - ry sweet Of love so wondrous, so complete,
And when that time shall cease to be, And faith is crowned with vic-to- ry,



And now they cry thro' his dear name, Grace is free, grace is free!
And fall in rapture at his feet, Grace is free, grace is free!
'Twill sound thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Grace is free, grace is free!

By permission.

87 "There shall be Showers of Blessing."

(*Ezek.* 34: 26.)

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. "There shall be showers of blessing:" This is the pro - mise of love;
2. "There shall be showers of blessing" — Precious re - viv - ing a - gain;
3. "There shall be showers of blessing:" Send them upon us, O Lord!
4. "There shall be showers of blessing:" Oh, that to-day they might fall,

There shall be sea - sons re - fresh - ing, Sent from the Saviour a - bove.
O - ver the hills and the val - leys, Sound of a - bun - dance of rain.
Grant to us now a re - fresh - ing, Come and now honor thy Word.
Now as to God we're confess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!

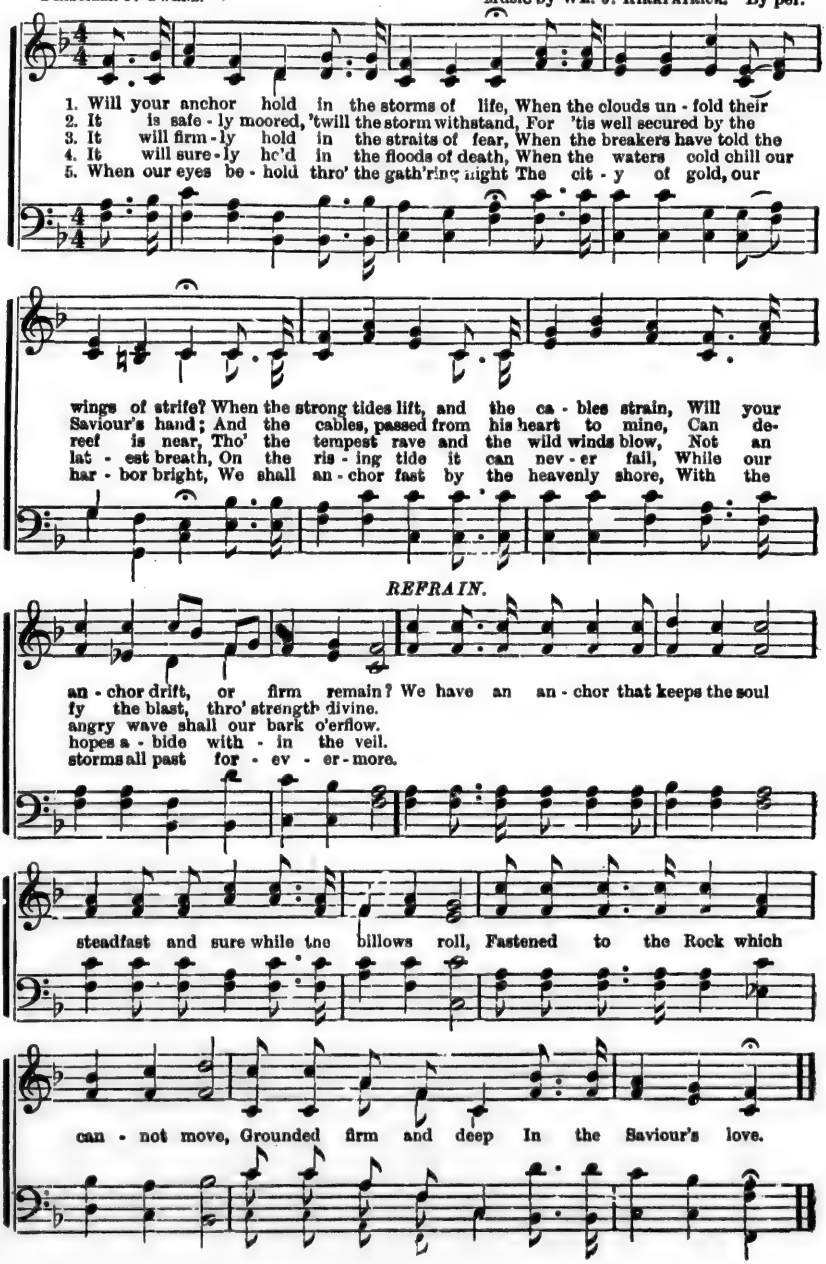
CHORUS.

Show - - - ers of bless - ing,
Show - ers, show - ers of bless - ing, Showers of blessing we need:
Mercy drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show - ers we plead.

By permission.

We Have An Anchor.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. Music by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



Where is Thy Refuge?

"What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul."—*Matt* 16: 26.

FANNY J. CROSBY. SILAS J. VAIL.

1. Say, where is thy refuge, poor sinner, And what is thy prospect to-day?
2. The Master is calling thee, sinner, In tones of compassion and love,
3. As summer is waning, poor sinner, Repent ere the season is past;

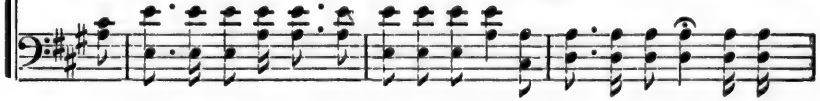
Why toil for the wealth that will perish, The treasures that rust and decay?
To feel that sweet rapture of pardon, And lay up thy treasure above:
God's goodness to thee is ex-tend-ed, As long as the day-beam shall last;

Oh! think of thy soul, that forever Must live on e-ter-ni-ty's shore,
Oh! kneel at the cross where he suffered, To ransom thy soul from the grave;
Then slight not the warning repeated With all the bright moments that roll,

When thou in the dust art forgotten, When pleasure can charm thee no more.
The arm of his mercy will hold thee, The arm that is mighty to save.
Nor say, when the harvest is ended, That no one hath cared for thy soul.

CHORUS.

'Twill profit thee nothing, but fearful the cost, To gain the whole world if thy



soul should be lost! To gain the whole world if thy soul should be lost.

A Beautiful World.

O. Snow.

1. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Where saints and an-gels sing;
2. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Where sorrow nev - er comes;
3. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Unseen to mor - tal sight;
4. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Of har - mo - ny and love;

A world where peace and pleasure reign, And heav'nly prais-es ring.
A world where tears shall nev - er fall, In sighing for our home.
And darkness nev - er en-ters there, That home is fair and bright.
Oh may we safe - ly en - ter there, And dwell with God a - bove.

CHORUS.

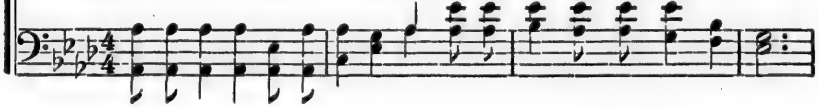
We'll be there, we'll be there, Palms of vic - t'ry, Crowns of glo - ry, we shall wear, In that beau - ti - ful world on high.

91 Gather Them In.

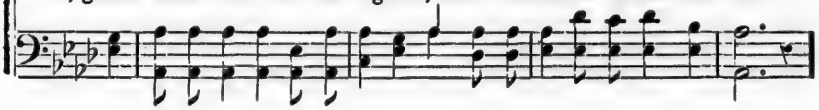
"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in."—*Luke* 14 : 23.

MRS. F. J. VAN ALSTYNE. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Gather them in! for there yet is room At the feast the King has spread;
2. Gather them in! for there yet is room; But our hearts, how they throb with pain,
3. Gather them in! for there yet is room; 'Tis a mes - sage from God a - bove;

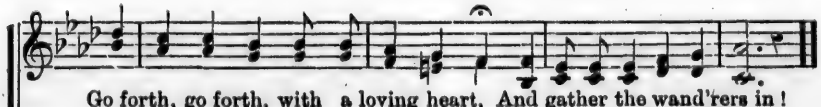


Oh, gather them in!—Let his house be filled, And the hungry and poor be fed.
To think of the many who slight the call That may never be heard again.
Oh, gather them in to the fold of grace, And the arms of the Saviour's love!

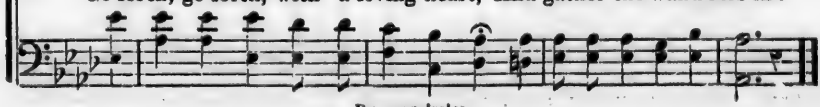


REFRAIN.

Out in the highway, out in the by-way, out in the dark paths of sin,



Go forth, go forth, with a loving heart, And gather the wand'rers in!



By permission.

Ere the Sun Goes Down.

"Be ye therefore ready also; for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not."—*Luke* 12: 40.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. A. J. A.

Moderato.

1. I have work enough to do Ere the sun goes down; For my - self and kin - dred too,
2. I must o - ver-come my wrath Ere the sun goes down; I must walk the heav'nly path
3. I must speak the loving word Ere the sun goes down; I must let my voice be heard
4. As I journey on my way, Ere the sun goes down; God's command I must o - bey

Ere the sun goes down; Ev - 'ry i - dle whis - per st'll - ing, With a
Ere the sun goes down; For it may be death is wend - ing Hith - er,
Ere the sun goes down; Ev - 'ry cry of pit - y heed - ing, For the
Ere the sun goes down; There are sins that need con - fess - ing There are

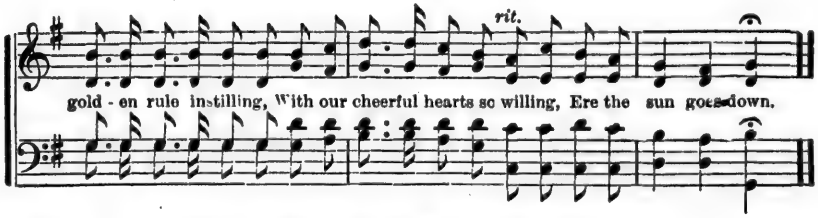
pur - pose firm and will - ing, All my dai - ly task ful - fill - ing, Ere the
with the night de - scend - ing, And my life will have an end - ing, Ere the
in - jured in - ter - ced - ing, To the light the lost ones lead - ing, Ere the
wrongs that need re - dress - ing, If I would ob - tain the bless - ing, Ere the

CHORUS. Not too fast.

sun goes down. I must la - bor For my
sun goes down.
sun goes down.
sun goes down. I must la - bor

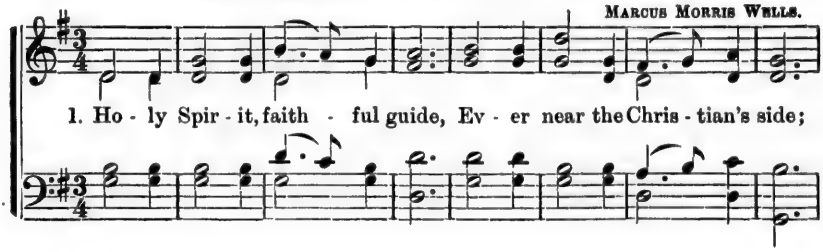
neigh - bor, Ev - ery du - ty now ful - fill - ing, And the
For my neighbor, Ev - ery du - ty now ful - fill - ing, And the

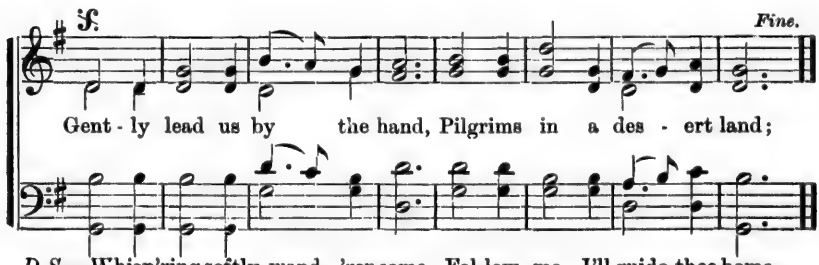
Ere the Sun Goes Down—*Continued.*

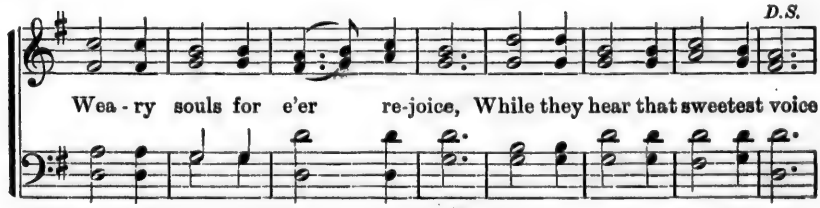


93 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

MARCUS MORRIS WELLS.





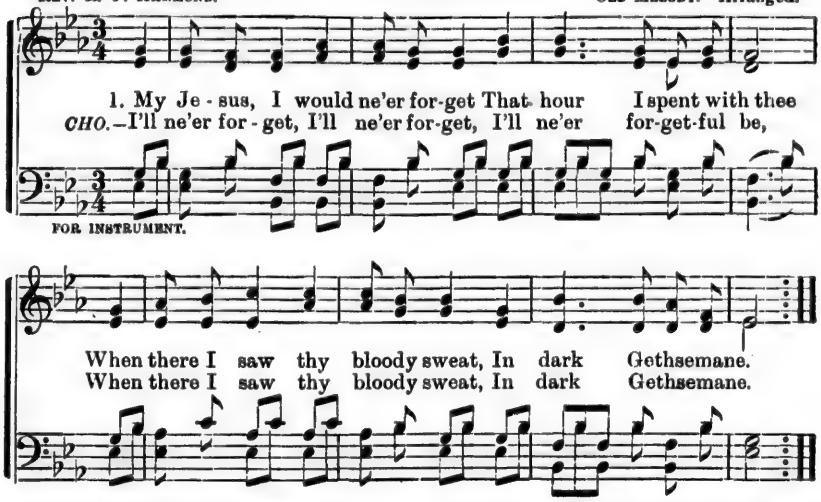


2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear,
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names were there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood,
Whisper softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home!

94 Gethsemane.

REV. E. P. HAMMOND. OLD MELODY. Arranged.



2 'Twas in that olive press I felt
That thou didst bleed for me;
Alas! how great I saw my guilt
While in Gethsemane.

3 'Twas there I felt my guilt and shame
In oft forsaking thee,
How precious was thy very name
In dear Gethsemane.

4 Should e'er our love to thee grow cold
And we forgetful be,
We'll call to mind thy love untold
While in Gethsemane.

95 CHRIST'S VICARIOUS SACRIFICE.

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

CHORUS.

Help me, dear Saviour, thee to own,
And ever faithful be;
And as thou sittest on thy throne
O "Lord, remember me."

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

96 GOD LOVED THE WORLD.

1 God loved the world of sinners lost
And ruined by the fall;
Salvation full, at highest cost,
He offers free to all.

CHORUS.

Oh, it was love, 'twas wondrous love!
The love of God to me;
It brought my Saviour from above
To die on Calvary.

2 E'en now by faith I claim him mine,
The risen Son of God,
Redemption by his death I find,
And cleansing through his blood.

3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,
And to his saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.

4 Of victory now o'er Satan's power,
Let all the ransomed sing
And triumph, in the dying hour,
Through Christ, the Lord, our King.

Marching to Glory.

W. F. Sherwin. Ch'd by H. T. C. H. C. Work. Arr. by H. T. C.

1. Come with hearts and voi - ces now and sing a gos - pel song,
2. Gird the gos - pel ar - mor on and du - ty's call o - bey;
3. For - ward then to bat - tle 'neath the ban - ner of the cross;
4. We shall win the vic - t'ry by the pow - er of the Word:

Sing it with a spir - it that will move the mighty throng;
See the host of Sa - tan rea - dy marshalled for the fray;
Count - ing world - ly hon - ors at their best as on - ly dross;
This our glo - rious wea - pon, 'tis the Spir - it's mighty sword,

Sing it till the world shall hear the e - choes loud and long,
Go - ing forth to meet them we will watch and fight and pray,
Je - sus is our Cap - tain, and we ne'er can suf - fer loss,
We shall sure - ly con . quer, 'tis the pro - mise of the Lord,

D.S.—Now we'll shout sal - va - tion ov - er mountain, land and sea,

Fine. *CHORUS.*

While we are marching to glo - ry! Then hail! all hail the
While we are marching to glo - ry!
While we are marching to glo - ry!
For we are marching to glo - ry!

While we are march - ing to glo - ry.

D.S.

coming ju - bi - lee! Redeemed from sin, our Jesus makes us free;

Will You Come In?

LEWELLYN A. MORRISON. J. H. HATHAWAY.

1. The kingdom of Heaven is o-pen to-day; Will you come in? Oh, will you come
2. The kingdom of Heaven is waiting to-day; Will you come in? Oh, will you come
3. The kingdom of Heaven is pleading to-day; Will you come in? Oh, will you come

in? We call from its portals to win you a-way Out of the service of
in? We call from its portals. why will you delay Still in the service of
in? A-rise, and the voice of en-treat-y o-bey—Leave the low service of

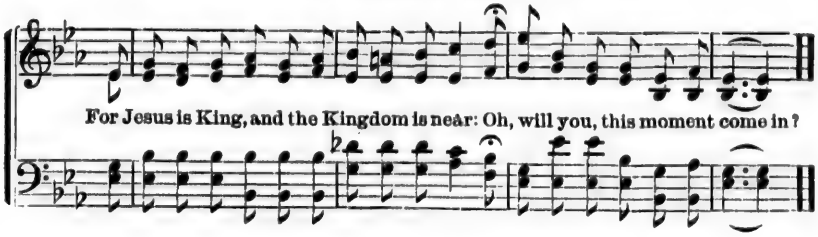
sin. The sunlight and sweetness of pardon is here, The love that is perfect and
sin? The Spir-it is calling and so is the Bride, The King hath a place for thee
sin! The militant host and the ransomed will raise A jubilant anthem of

casteth out fear; Tho' straight be the gate where its glories appear, There's infinite
close by his side; The gifts of the kingdom thy coming abide: There's light and re-
gladness and praise For one who, repentant, is found in the ways Of the Lord, to

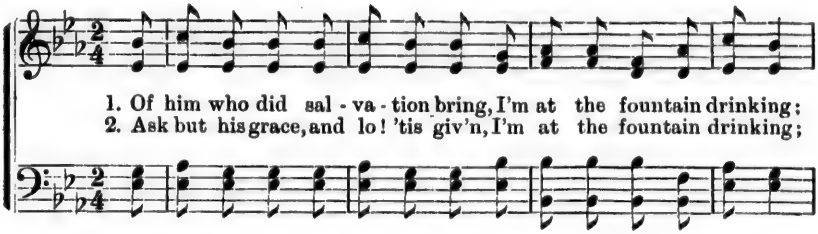
CHORUS.

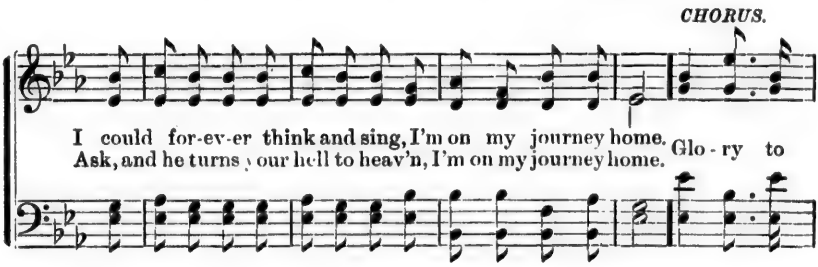
wideness within. Come in! come in! Will you this moment come in?
joic - ing within.
glo - ry within. Will you come in? will you come in?

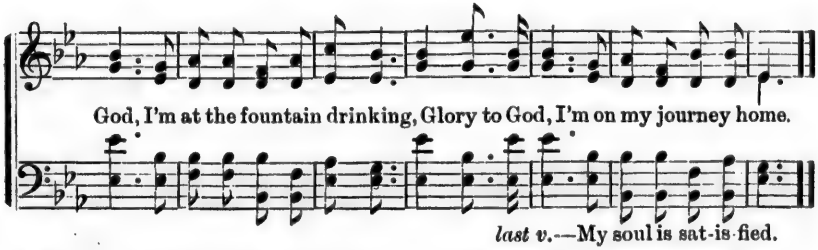
Will You Come In?—*Continued.*



99 At the Fountain.







3 Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,
I'm at the fountain drinking;
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole,
I'm on my journey home.

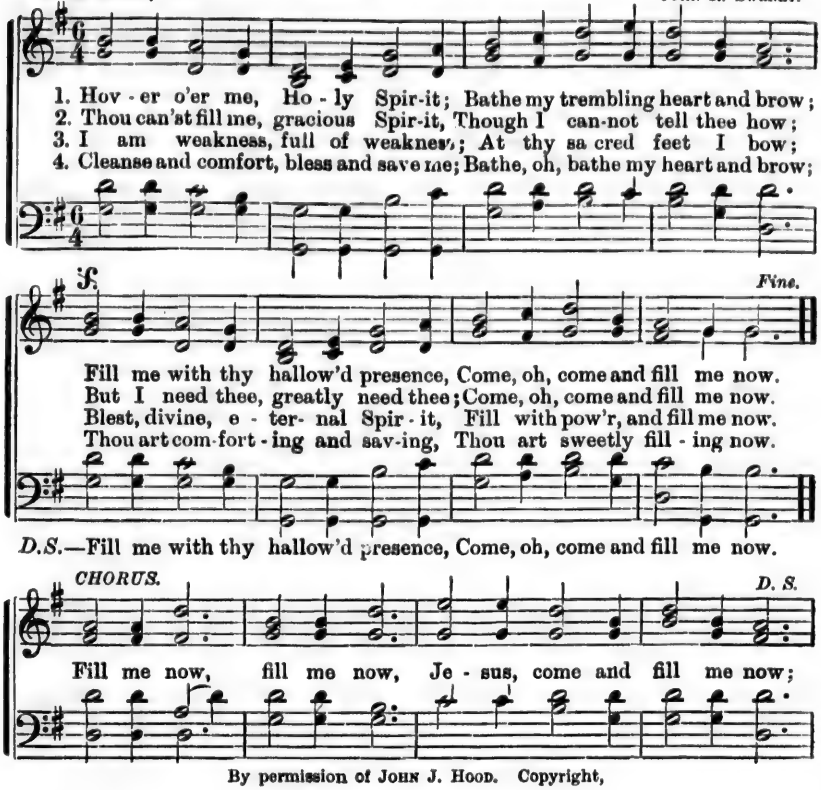
4 Let all the world fall down and know
I'm at the fountain drinking;
That none but God such love can show,
I'm on my journey home.

5 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I'm at the fountain drinking;
I meet the object of my love,
I'm on my journey home.

6 Insatiate to this spring I fly,
I'm at the fountain drinking;
I drink, and yet am ever dry,
I'm on my journey home.

100 Fill Me Now.

E. H. Stokes, D.D. — John R. Sweney.



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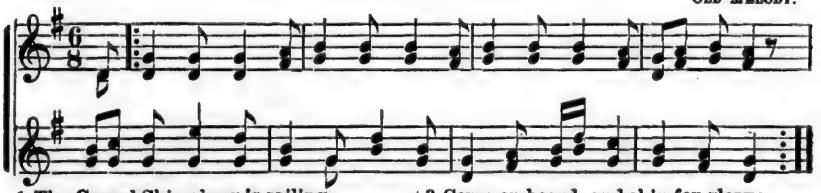
101 The Gospel Ship.

Old Melody.



1 The Gospel Ship along is sailing,
Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore;
All who wish to sail to glory,
Come and welcome, rich and poor.

Chorus.

"Glory, glory, hallelujah!" all the sailors loudly cry,
"See the blissful port of glory, open to each faithful eye!"

2 Millions now are safely landed
Over on the golden shore;
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.

3 Come on board, and ship for glory;
Be in haste, make up your mind,
For our vessel's weighing anchor,
You will soon be left behind.

4 Do not fear the ship will founder,
Though the foaming billows roar,
Jesus Christ will safely guide her
To her destined happy shore.

5 You have kindred over yonder,
On that bright and happy shore;
By-and-by we'll swell the number,
When the voyage of life is o'er.

The Foundation-Stone.

TRACY CLINTON. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Be - hold, a stone in Zi - on laid, A tried, a sure foun-
2. Thrice blest are they whose hopes are staid Up- [Omit . . . .
3. Storms may a - rise, and tem - pests blow, And beat with fu - ry
Still it re - mains, tho' waves o'er - flow, Un- [Omit . . . .
No'er shall the gates of hell pre - vail, O'er those who in the
Safe - ly they dwell, tho' foes as - sail, For- [Omit . . . .

CHORUS.

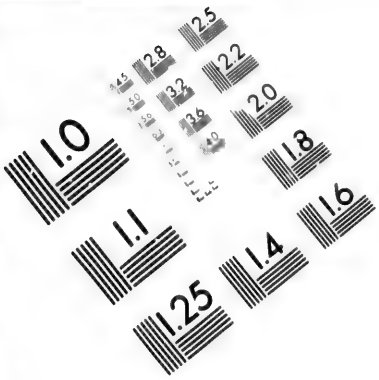
dation stone;
. . . . on this base, and this a - lone.
on this rock, mov'd amid the fiercest shock. Some build their hopes on the
Lord a - bide, ev - er near the Saviour's side.

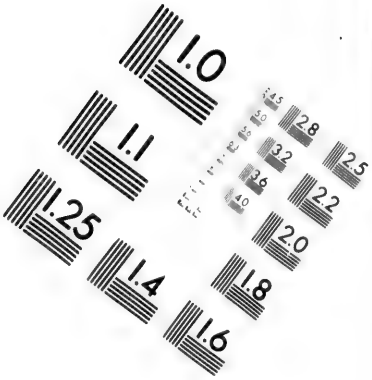
ev - er drift - ing sand, Some on their fame, or their

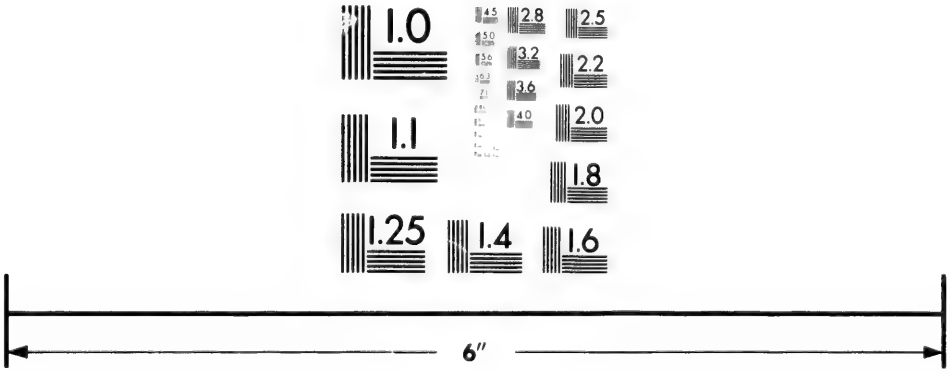
treasure, or their land. *Mine's* on a Rock that for-

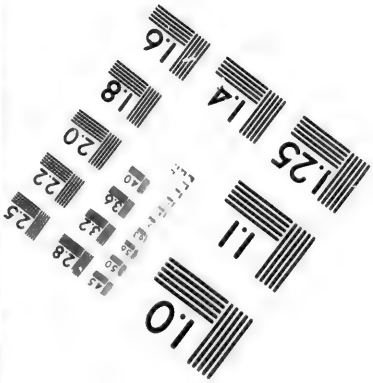
ev - er will stand, Je - sus the "Rock of A - ges."

By permission.









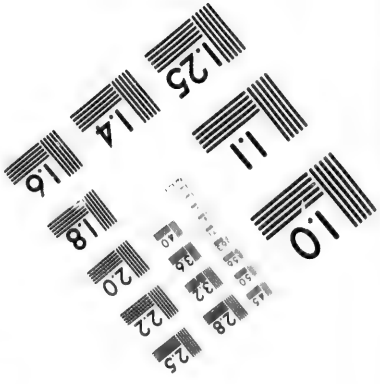


IMAGE EVALUATION
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WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
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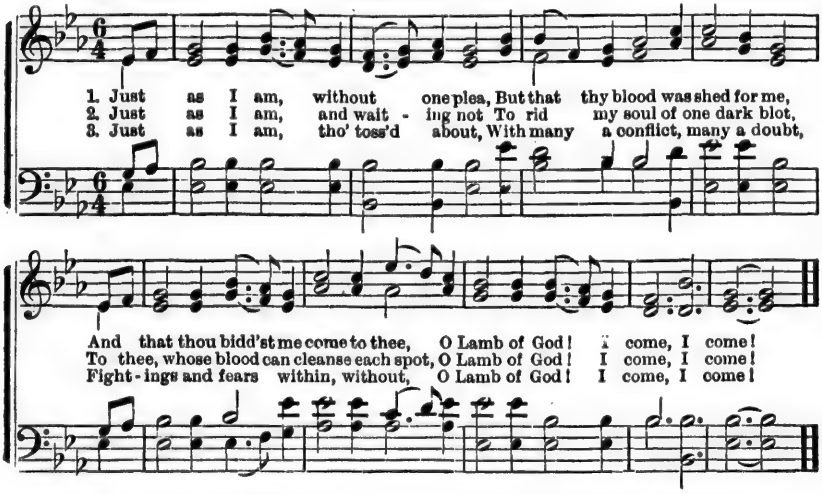
103 Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. (Woodworth. L.M.) WM. B. BRADBURY.



4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

5 Just as I am; thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

104 ,8,8,6.

THE SINNER INVITED TO THE SAVIOUR.

1 Just as thou art, without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness of the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner, come!

2 Burdened with guilt, would'st thou be blest?
Trust not the world; it gives no rest;
Christ gives relief to hearts oppress—
O weary sinner, come!

3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross,
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
His grace repays all earthly loss—
O needy sinner, come!

4 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy mournful tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears,—
O trembling sinner, come!

105 L.M.

"GOD BE MERCIFUL TO ME A SINNER."

1 With broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free:
O God, be merciful to me!

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and his cross my only plea:
O God, be merciful to me!

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But thou dost all my anguish see:
O God, be merciful to me!

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me!

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell
My raptured song shall ever be,
That God was merciful to me!

106 L.M.

A SUFFERING AND FAITHFUL SAVIOUR.

1 My sufferings all to thee are known,
Tempted in every point like me;
Regard my grief, regard thy own;
Jesus, remember Calvary!

2 O call to mind thy earnest prayers,
Thy agony, and sweat of blood,
Thy strong and bitter cries and tears,
Thy mortal groan, "My God! my God!"

3 For whom didst thou the cross endure?
Who nailed thy body to the tree?
Did not thy death my life procure?
O let thy mercy answer me!

4 Have I not heard, have I not known,
That thou, the everlasting Lord,
Whom heaven and earth their Maker own,
Art always faithful to thy word?

5 Thou wilt not break a bruised reed,
Or quench the smallest spark of grace,
Till through the soul thy power is spread,
Thy all-victorious righteousness.

6 The day of small and feeble things
I know thou never wilt despise;
I know, with healing in his wings,
The Sun of Righteousness shall rise.

107 A Morning Hymn.

LEWELLYN A. MORRISON. J. H. HATHAWAY.

1. Awake, my soul, and greet the light! The Lord hath made the morning bright; He crowns with glory
2. Awake thy voice, my soul, and sing The majesty of God, thy King; For wondrous are his
3. The day-dawn anthems skyward roll; The light comes in for thee, my soul: Glad songs of ado-

all thy days; Oh, give him all the praise! He do-eth all things well,—
works and ways! Oh, give him all the praise! He reigns for-ev-er - more—
ra - tion raise, And give him all the praise! Praise him for blessings past,—

He do-eth all things well,—
He reigns for - ev - er-more—
Praise him for blessings past,—

No human tongue can tell What grace his love displays, Nor give him perfect praise.
Whom all his saints a - dore. No sloth his love delays,— Oh, give him all the praise.
Praise him for all thou hast,— Trust him for future days, And give him all the praise.

No human tongue can tell
Whom all his saints adore:
Praise him for all thou hast,—

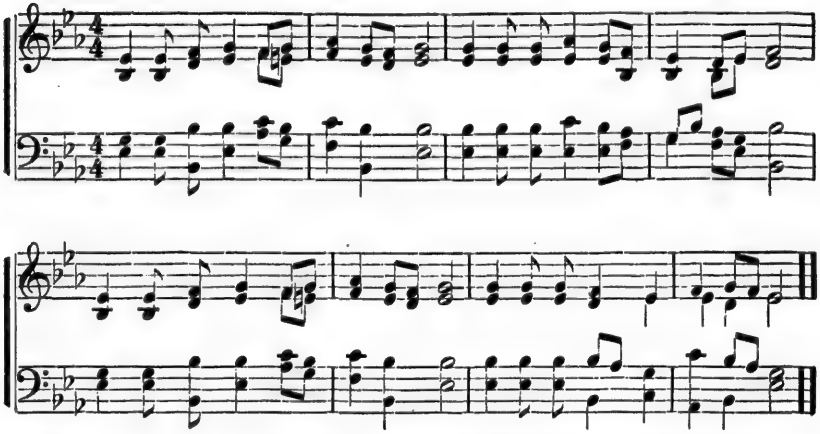
CHORUS.

Praise the Lord, for he is good! Praise the Lord, for he is
Praise! oh, praise the Lord, for he is good, for he is good! Praise! oh, praise the Lord, for he is

good! Praise the Lord, for he is good! Oh, give him all the praise!
good, for he is good! Praise! oh, praise the Lord, for he is good! Oh, give him all the praise!

Hamburg. L.M.

Arranged by Dr. L. Mason.



108

L.M.

Healing and comfort in Christ.

1 At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around thee lay;
O in what divers pains they met!
O with what joy they went away!

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near;
What if thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel!
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in thee;

5 And all, O Lord, crave perfect rest,
And to be wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

6 O Saviour Christ, thou too art man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kindly but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;

7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in thy mercy heal us all.

109

1 When I survey the wond'rous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

110

L.M.

The mercy-seat.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

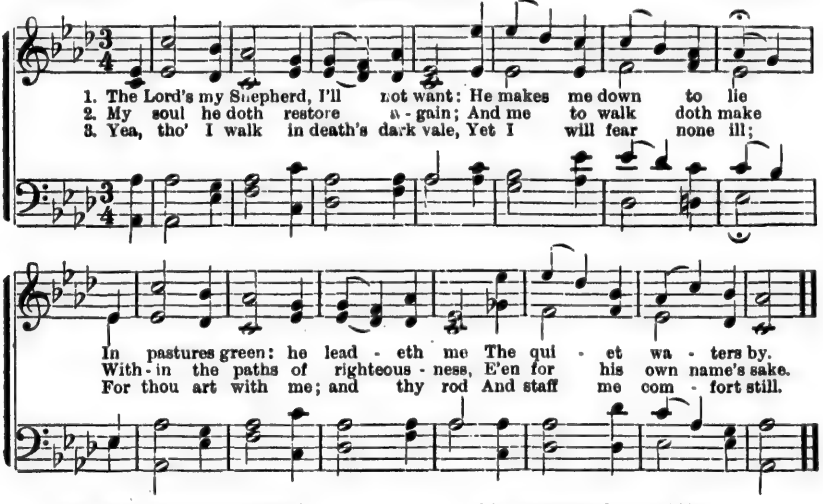
3 There is a place where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagle wings we soar
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

111 The Lord's My Shepherd.

PSALM 23. (Belmont. C.M.) S. WEBBE.



4 My table thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

112 C.M.

THE JOY OF GOD'S PRESENCE.

1 My God, the spring of all my joys
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Would bear me conqueror through.

113 C.M.

MUST JESUS BEAR.

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And here's a cross for me.

2 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear
For there's a crown for me.

3 Upon the crystal pavement, down,
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.

4 Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown!
Oh, resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

T. SHEPHERD, *alt.*

114 C.M.

I HEARD THE VOICE.

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down,
Thy head upon my breast."

2 I came to Jesus as I was—
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold I freely give
The living water—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."

4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

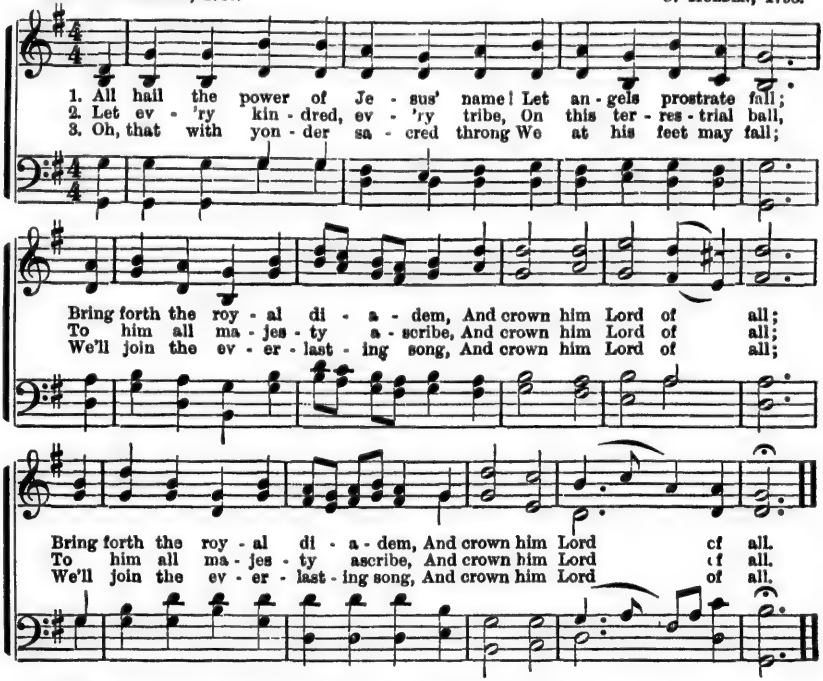
5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."

6 I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of Life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

HORATIUS BONAR.

115 Coronation. C.M.

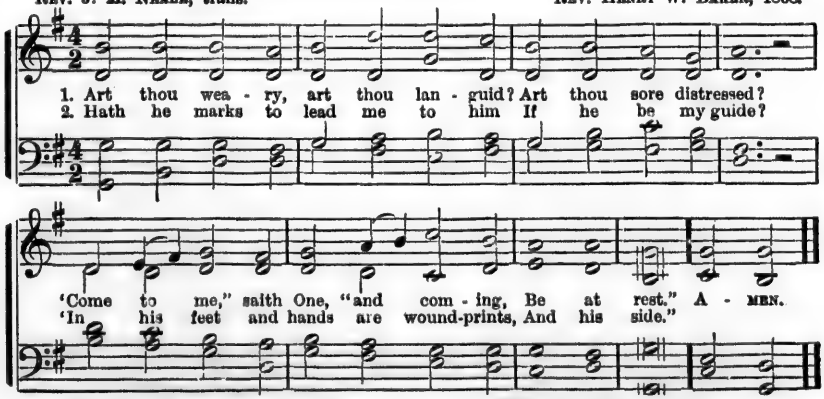
REV. E. PERRONET, 1780. O. HOLDEN, 1793.



116 Art Thou Weary?

"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."—*Matt.* 11 : 28.

REV. J. M. NEALE, trans. REV. HENRY W. BAKER, 1868.



3 Is there diadem as monarch,
That his brow adorns?
"Yes, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!"

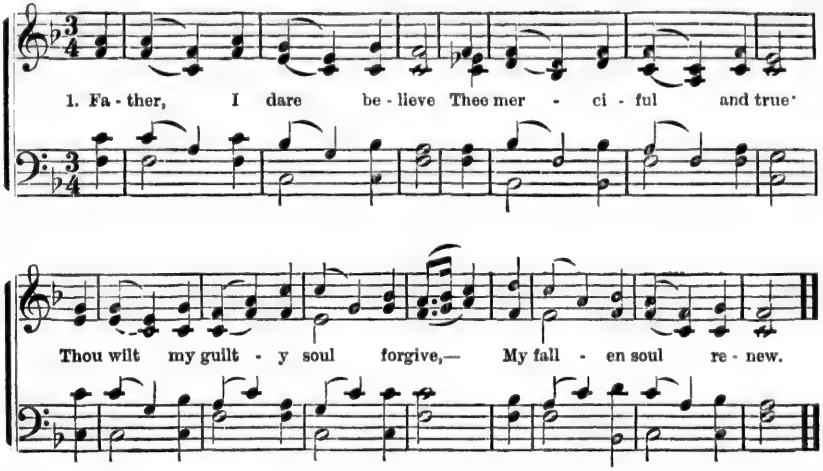
4 If I find him, if I follow,
What my future here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended
Jordan past."

6 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

117 Dennis. S.M.

Arranged from H. G. NAGELI.



2 Come then, for Jesus' sake,
And bid my heart be clean;
An end of all my troubles make,—
An end of all my sin.

3 I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing thee,
And waiting for thy blood t' impart,
The spotless purity.

4 While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, thy grace bestow:
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow!

118

O, COME AND DWELL IN ME.

1 O, come and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within,
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin.

2 The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health, remove,—
Spirit of finished holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

3 Hasten the joyful day
Which shall my sins consume:
When old things shall be done away,
And all things new become.

4 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right—
According to thy will and word—
Well pleasing in thy sight.

5 I ask no higher state:
Indulge me but in this,
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

119

A CHARGE TO KEEP I HAVE.

1 A charge to keep I have;
A God to glorify:
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,
O, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

120

AND CAN I YET DELAY?

1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

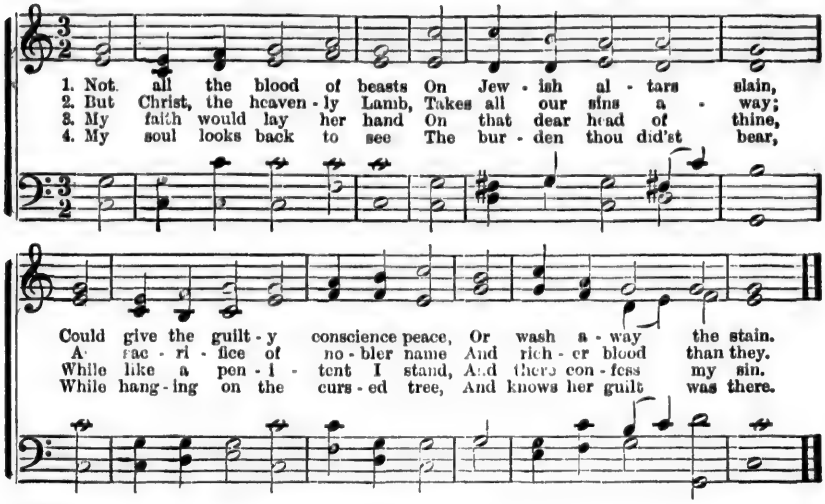
2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink by dying love compell'd,
And own the conqueror!

3 Though late, I all forsake,—
My friends, my all resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, oh! take
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

121 Boylston. S.M.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709. Dr. Lowell Mason, 1832.



122 S.M.

Guilty delay in coming to Christ.

1 Ah! whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Saviour bids me come,
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay!

3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part;
Which will not let my Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

4 Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within;
Some idol, which I will not own,
Some secret bosom-sin.

5 Jesus, the hindrance show,
Which I have feared to see;
Yet let me now consent to know
What keeps me out of thee.

6 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

7 I now believe in thee,
Compassion reigns alone;
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!

8 In me is all the bar,
Which thou would'st fain remove
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only Love.

123 S.M.

"Redeeming the time."

1 Make haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze;
How swift its moments fly!

2 Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.

3 Up, then, with speed, and work,
Fling ease and self away;
This is no time for thee to sleep,
Up, watch, and work, and pray!

4 Make haste, O man, to live,
Thy time is almost o'er;
O sleep not, dream not, but arise,
The Judge is at the door.

124 S.M.

Repent, believe, obey.

1 Return, and come to God,
Cast all your sins away;
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood;
Repent, believe, obey!

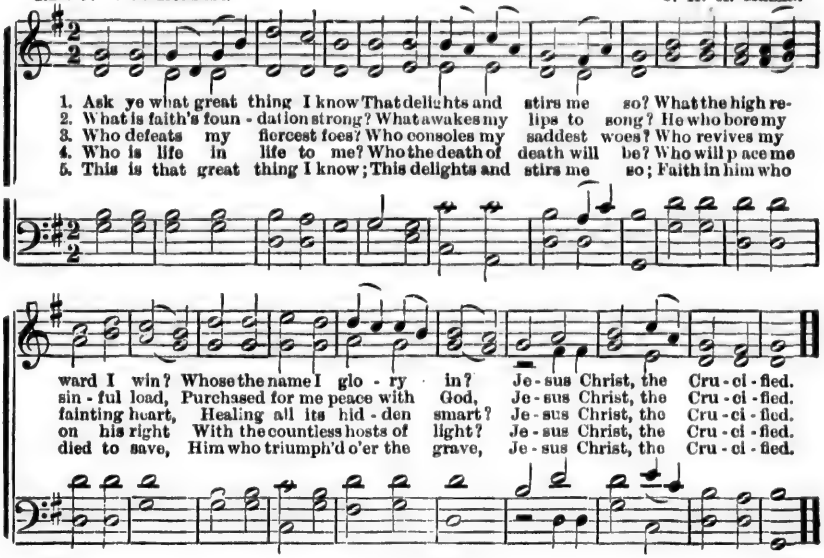
2 Say not ye cannot come,
For Jesus bled and died,
That none who ask in humble faith
Should ever be denied.

3 Say not ye will not come;
'Tis God vouchsafes to call;
And fearful will their end be found,
On whom his wrath shall fall.

4 Come, then, whoever will;
Come, while 'tis called to-day;
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood,
Repent, believe, obey

125 Hendon. 7s.

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL. C. H. A. MALAN.



126 7s.

THE WANDERER EXHORTED TO RETURN.

1 Brother, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother; homeward come.

2 Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother; God can save!

3 Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul?
Discontent upon thy brow?
Turn thee; God will make thee whole.

4 He can heal thy bitterest wound,
He thy gentlest prayer can hear;
Seek him for he may be found;
Call upon him; he is near.

127 7s.

"GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST."

1 Hark! the herald-angels sing
"Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity!

4 Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

5 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

128 7s.

NONE BUT CHRIST.

1 Saviour of the sin-sick soul,
Give me faith to make me whole;
Finish thy great work of grace,
Cut it short in righteousness.

2 Speak the second time, "Be clean!"
Take away my inbred sin;
Every stumbling-block remove;
Cast it out by perfect love.

3 Nothing less will I require,
Nothing more can I desire;
None but Christ to me be given!
None but Christ in earth or heaven!

4 Oh! that I might now decrease!
Oh! that all I am might cease!
Let me into nothing fall;
Let my Lord be all in all!

129 7s.

SABBATH EVENING WORSHIP.

1 Softly fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades:
All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close.

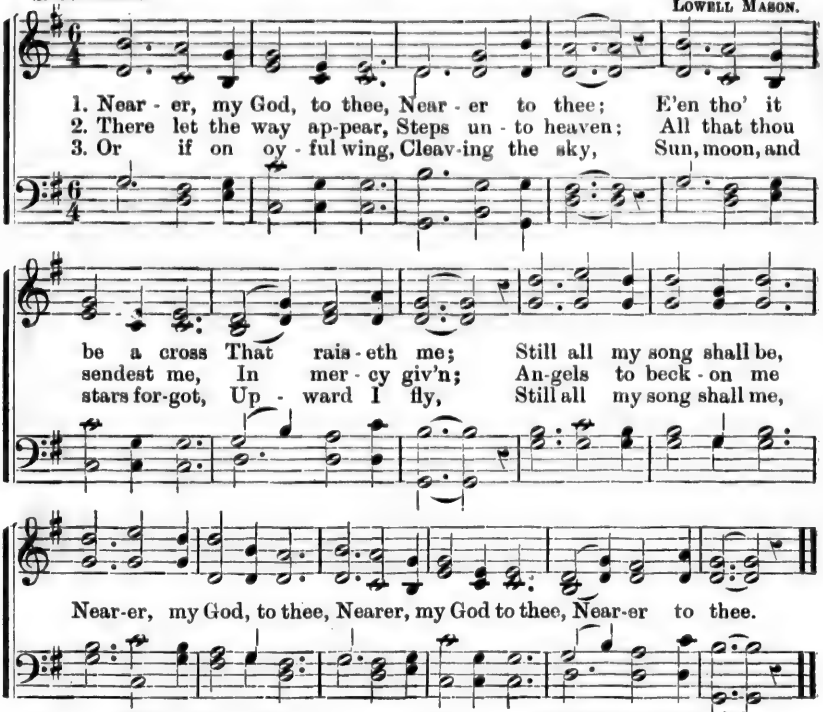
3 Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God,
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.

4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshipper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

5 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

130 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

S. F. Adams. Lowell Mason.



131 More Love to Thee.

1 More love to thee, O Christ!
More love to thee;
Hear thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,
||: More love, O Christ, to thee,:||
More love to thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be,
||: More love, O Christ, to thee,:||
More love to thee!

3 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise,
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise;
This still its prayer shall be,
||: More love, O Christ, to thee,:||
More love to thee!

132 Working with Thee.

1 Working, O Christ, with thee,
Working with thee,
Unworthy, sinful, weak,
Though we may be,
Our all to thee we give,
For thee alone would live,
And by thy grace achieve,
Working with thee.

2 Saviour, we weary not
Working with thee;
As hard as thine our lot
Can never be;
Our joy and comfort this,
"Thy grace sufficient is,"
This changes toil to bliss,
Working with thee.

3 So let us labor on,
Working with thee,
Till earth to thee is won,
From sin set free;
Till man, from shore to shore,
Receive thee and adore,
And join us evermore,
Working with thee.

133

Farewell!

J. H. Hathaway. A. D. Kennedy.

Andante.

1. Kind friends, we must go, Though with sad hearts;
2. Sin - ner - friends, fare - well, We too must part;
3. Sin - ners, come to - night, Do not de - lay;

God di - rects our path, There - fore we part.
We have warned you all, For heav'n make a start.
God in - vites you, come, Turn not a - way.

CHORUS.

Farewell, farewell, If on earth we meet no
Farewell, farewell,

more; Farewell, farewell, Meet us on Canaan's shore.
Farewell, farewell,

134 Rock of Ages.

A. TOPLADY. Tune, TOPLADY.

Fine.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee;

D.C.—Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

D.C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flowed.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

135 We Praise Thee, O God.

ENGLISH. ENGLISH.

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Je - sus, who
2. We praise thee, O God! for thy Spir-it of Light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb, that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with thy love, May each soul be re-

CHORUS.

died, and is now gone a - bove.
Sav - iour, and scattered our night.
sins and has cleans'd ev - 'ry stain.
sought us, and guid - ed our ways.
kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the
Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the

We Praise Thee, O God—*Continued.*

glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.
glo - ry, [*Omit.* . . . . . } Re-vive us a - gain.

136 Come, Ye Sinners!

JOSEPH HART. JEREMIAH INGALLS.

1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and
{ Je - sus rea - dy stands to s. you, Full of

D.C.—Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ the

Fine. *CHORUS.*

wound - ed, sick and sore; }
pit - y, love and pow'r: } Turn to the Lord and

Lord is come to reign.

D.C.

seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of his dear name;

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better
You will never come at all.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry, before he dies.

6 Lo! the incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude.

7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name.

137 How Tedious and Tasteless.

J. Newton. Lewis Edson.

Fine.

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours, When Jesus no lon-ger I see!
2. The woodlands, the fields, and the flowers, Have all lost their sweetness to me.
2. Dear Lord! if in-deed I am thine, And thou art my Light and my Song;
2. Say, why do I languish and pine, And why are my win-ters so long?

D.C.—His presence can banish my gloom, And bid all with-in me rejoice.
Or bid me soar upward on high, Where winters and storms are no more.

D.C.

His name yields the richest perfume, And soft-er than mu-sic his voice.
Oh, drive these dark clouds from the sky; Thy soul-cheering presence restore;

138 My Gracious Redeemer.

1 My gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above,
To shout his adorable name.
To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ;
To see them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.

2 He freely redeemed with his blood
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell:
To shine with the angels in light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing,
To view, with eternal delight,
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King!

139 To Jesus the Crown.

1 To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh, bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.
My Saviour, whom absent I love;
Whom, not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion and power.

2 Dissolve thou these bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee,
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.
And then, nevermore shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.

140 The Fountain of Life.

1 A fountain of life and of grace
In Christ, our Redeemer, we see;
For us, who his offers embrace,
For all, it is open and free.
Jehovah himself doth invite
To drink of his pleasures unknown;
The streams of immortal delight,
That flow from his heavenly throne.

2 As soon as in him we believe,
By faith of his Spirit we take;
And, freely forgiven, receive
The mercy for Jesus's sake:
We gain a pure drop of his love,
The life of eternity know,
Angelical happiness prove,
And witness a heaven below.

141 Marching to Zion.

ISAAC WATTS. REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join

in a song with sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And

thus sur - round the throne, And thus surround the throne.

thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne.

CHORUS.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're

We're marching on to Zi - on,

marching up-ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful ci - ty of God.

Zi - on, Zi - on,

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly king,
But children of the heavenly king,
May speak their joys abroad,
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Before we reach the heavenly fields.
Or walk the golden streets,
Or walk the golden streets.

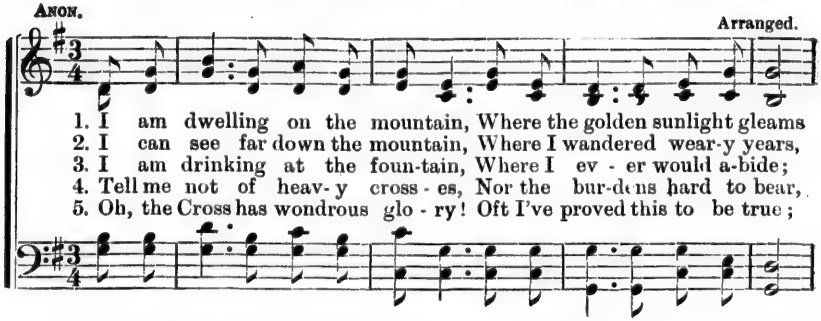
4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high,
To fairer worlds on high.

By permission.

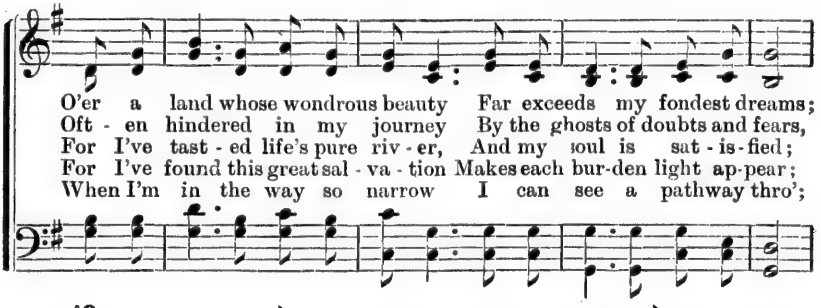
142 Is not this the Land of Beulah?

ANON.

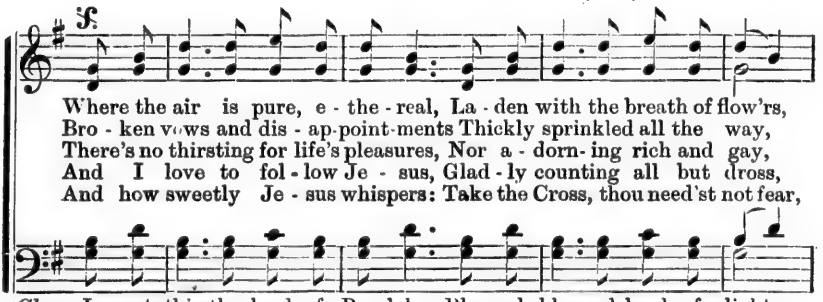
Arranged.



1. I am dwelling on the mountain, Where the golden sunlight gleams
2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wandered wear-y years,
3. I am drinking at the foun-tain, Where I ev - er would a-bide;
4. Tell me not of heav- y cross - es, Nor the bur-dens hard to bear,
5. Oh, the Cross has wondrous glo - ry! Oft I've proved this to be true;



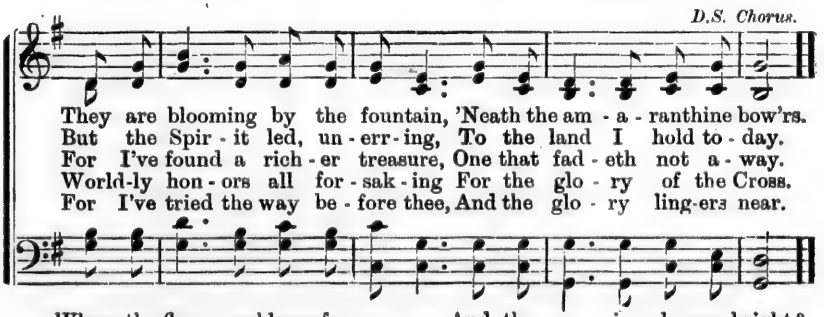
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far exceeds my fondest dreams;
Oft - en hindered in my journey By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
For I've tast - ed life's pure riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied;
For I've found this great sal - va - tion Makes each bur-den light ap-pear;
When I'm in the way so narrow I can see a pathway thro';



Where the air is pure, e - the - real, La - den with the breath of flow'rs,
Bro - ken vows and dis - ap-point-ments Thickly sprinkled all the way,
There's no thirsting for life's pleasures, Nor a - dorn- ing rich and gay,
And I love to fol - low Je - sus, Glad - ly counting all but dross,
And how sweetly Je - sus whispers: Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear,

Cho.—Is not this the land of Beu-lah, Bless-ed, bless-ed land of light,

D.S. Chorus.

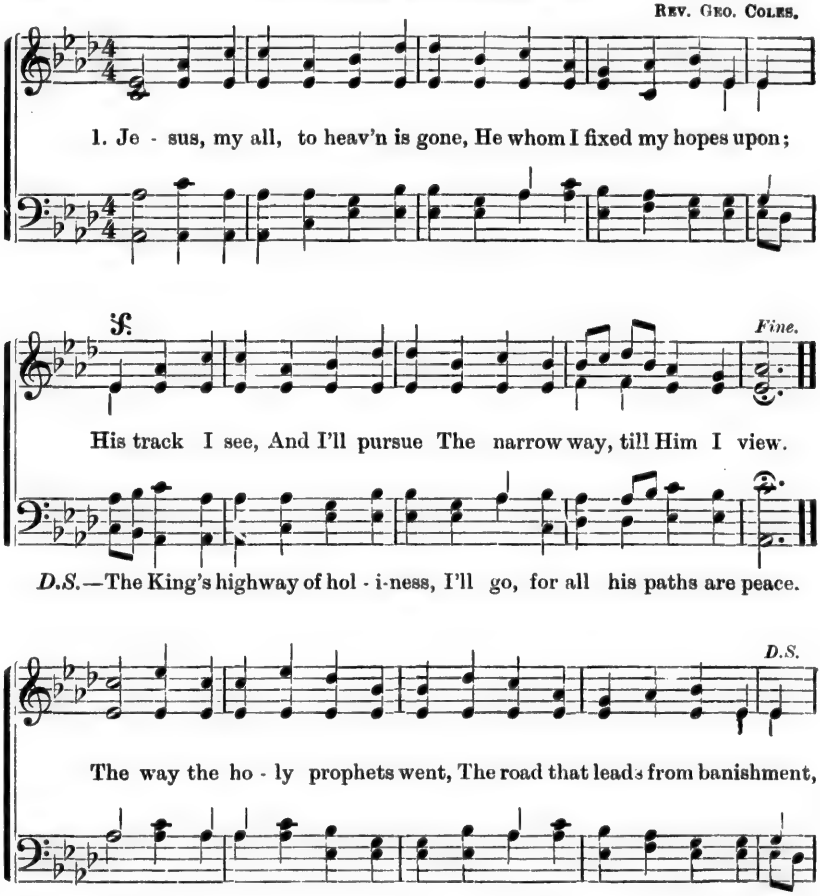


They are blooming by the fountain, 'Neath the am - a - ranthine bow'rs.
But the Spir - it led, un - err - ing, To the land I hold to - day.
For I've found a rich - er treasure, One that fad - eth not a - way.
World-ly hon - ors all for - sak - ing For the glo - ry of the Cross.
For I've tried the way be - fore thee, And the glo - ry ling-ers near.

Where the flow - ers bloom for-ev - er, And the sun is al-ways bright?

143 The King's Highway.

REV. GEO. COLES.



2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither, soul, I am the Way.

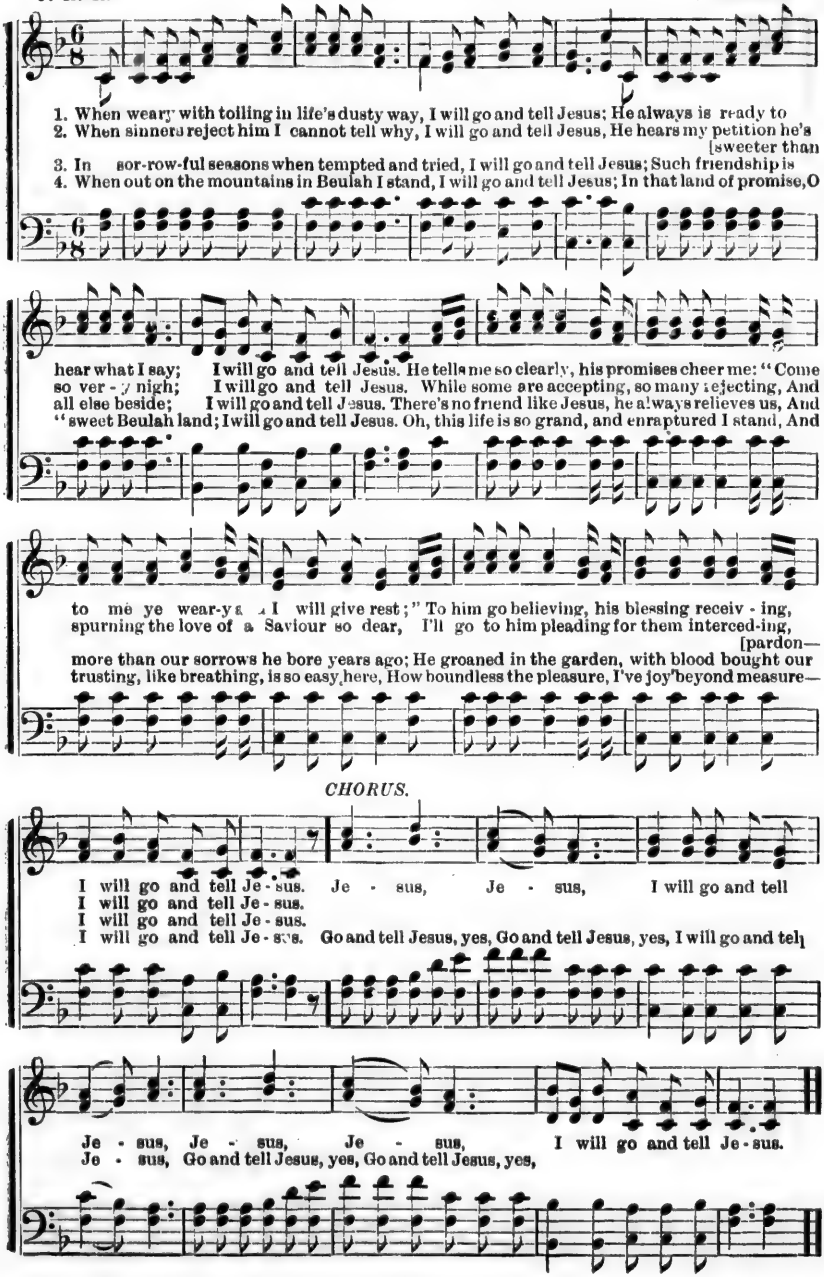
3 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shall take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.
Then I will tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

144 Doxology.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below:
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

145 Go and Tell Jesus.

J. H. H. J. H. HATHAWAY.



146 The Door of God's Mercy.

J. H. H. J. H. HATHAWAY.

1. The door of God's mer-cy is o - pen to - day; Will you come in,
2. The door of God's mer-cy stands o - pen to - day; Will you come in,
3. Still pleading and waiting, has wait - ed so long, Will you come in,
4. Oh, why not ac - cept his sal - va - tion just now? Will you come in,

will you come in? Tho' straight be the gate and narrow the way, There is
will you come in? And Jesus stands waiting, why will you delay To
will you come in? His Spir- it has called you in sermon and song To
will you come in? Oh, hasten and come, at His feet lowly bow, and

CHORUS.

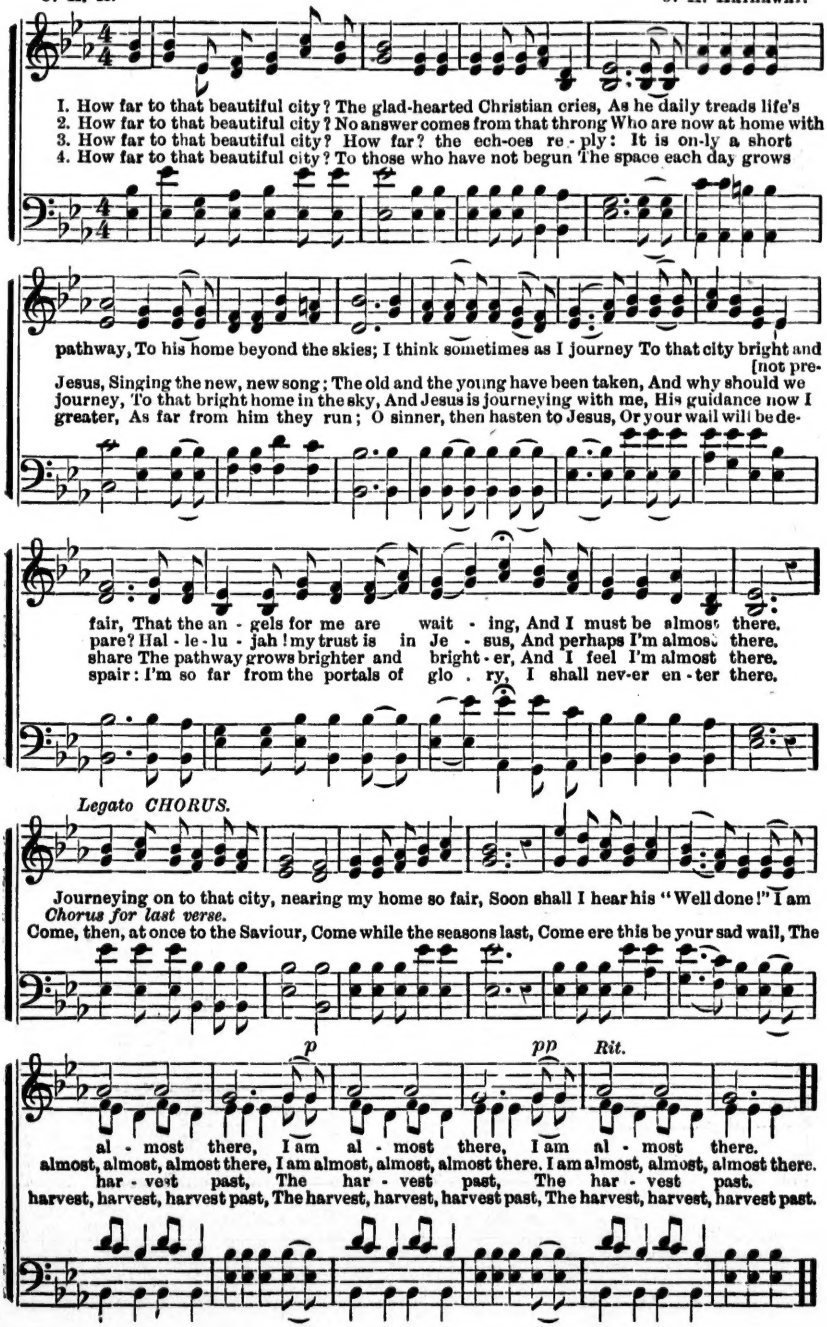
in - fi - nite wideness with-in.
choose that blest portion within? Then has - - ten, O
leave the low ser - vice of sin. Then hasten, O sin-ner, while
turn from the broad road of sin.

sin - ner, while Je- sus is call - ing, Come in! Still
Jesus is calling, is ten - der - ly calling, is calling, Come in! Still

wait - ing and plead - ing, is tenderly calling, Come in!
waiting and pleading, still waiting and pleading,

147 Almost There.

J. H. H. J. H. HATHAWAY.



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